THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch-lights,
Fetch in a stick when you go through,
"The time?" Well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's an engineer;
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the morning
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill bands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village,
And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill hadn't been married more'n an hour,
Up comes the message from Keene,
Ordering Bill to go up there
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went on number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't 'n' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must 'n' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Rigdo—
They came down, the drunken devils!
Tore a rail from the bridge,
But Mary heard 'em a-workin',
And guessed there was something wrong.
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along.

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't 'a' done—
So she just grabbed up a lantern
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir—
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swinging it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress—
Cryin' and laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-by, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to night.

BRETE HARTE.

THE LILY OF THE GLEN.

In one of the most beautiful of New England's shady dells, far away from the din and dust of the city, musical with the song of brooklet and bird, and fragrant with breathings of trees and flowers, hidden almost out of sight by the old gray mountains, lies the fair little village of Glen. And in one of its sunniest spots, sheltered by elms of a century's growth, mossy itself with uncounted years, over-run with luxuriant vines and embosomed in roses, stands the fairy little cottage where dwelt the pride of the village—its fair young Lily—an orphan from the hour of her birth, but so loved by her aged grandparents that the name had never a meaning.

Beautiful as the flower whose name she bore was the Lily of the Glen, and as holy and shrinking in nature, too, breathing out her sweetness in lonely places, and coveting ever the lonely seat. Scarce more was she idolized in the humble home whose life and light and beauty she was, than in every other one of the scattered village; for wherever she went she carried a blessing, and from every threshold bore one, too, now from the crowing lips of a baby face, and then from the quivering ones of wrinkled age. Pure in heart, not dazzlingly but softly brilliant in intellect, gentle and loving, for eighteen years the maiden had led that happy life which only the good and true can know—a sunny life, scarcely darkened by a single cloud—a flowery one, scarcely pricked by a single thorn—a holy one, scarcely touched by a single sin.

But her heart was saddened then. First one and then the other aged relative grew sick, and for many weeks they lay side by side on the same couch, moaning in feverish dreams. Patiently and tenderly did the young grandchild nurse them, heeding their slightest wish, and giving up cheerily the demands of her pulse, that she might be ever with them, and striving with all love's earnestness to win them back from the valley whose shades seemed wailing them. And even in the last fearful hour, though her heart was sore and bleeding, she calmed herself and sung in sweet, though tremulous strains, the hymn they asked for, that on the breath of music their souls might be wafted into heaven.

But then, when all was over, her strength gave way, and for weeks she lay like a frost-bitten flower; her cheeks like snow and her lips voiceless. Yet, though alone in the world then, never had an invalid kinder and more considerate care. There was none in the whole village that did not render her some service, happy to pay back a debt of love, and sad that it must be paid in such a way. And when at length she recovered, and on the arm of the gray-haired pastor, slowly passed up the aisle of the little church to the seat that had been vacant for nearly a year, there went up from every heart a thanksgiving to the Father in Heaven, and when her sweet, lute-like voice rose and fell in waves of thrilling melody, as she joined in the grand old hymn, tears of joy streamed fast from many eyes, and when the service was over, and the little group passed out of the holy place, every right hand was kindly clasped by her, and from every lip there fell a blessing.

But one among them did not greet her, though his gaze followed her intently from the moment she entered till she left. It was a stranger, a tourist, who, charmed by the rural beauty of the glen, had resolved as the stage left him there on Saturday evening, to spend a few days in rambling about in sunny spots and sketching its picturesque rivers; a highly-gifted, noble young man, dowered with a princely fortune, who, having completed his collegiate course, had nought to do but while away his time in the most agreeable way. But, now, surfeited with the pleasures of fashionable life, he had turned away to seek in communion with Nature and her true-hearted children that congeniality for which his spirit had longed but had not found, either in his aristocratic home or his wealthy friends.

His mother had been one of those spiritually organized beings to whom holiness of life and devotion to duty are as necessitous as breath, and though spared to him but seven brief years, she so inwrought her nature into his that all the unfortunate circumstances of later years could not eradicate it—the angel sung so sweetly in the far depths of his bosom that the syren voices of temptation sounded to him ever like hideous discords.

The proud lady who, ere two years had left their greenness on his mother's grave, was installed as mistress of her home, gave no affection to the pining boy, while his father, a stern, grave, taciturn man, though deep in his heart there welled strong waves of passionate feeling, manifested them only by seeing that his temporal condition was well cared for, and so he grew to manhood, filled with affectionate yearnings, but with none to breathe them upon, and only uttering them upon the low grassy mound where slept the gentle being who had given him life.

Once indeed his spirit thought it had found its mate. There flitted into the brilliant saloons of fashion a radiant young creature, who seemed the incarnation of a poet's dream, and whose spell soon bound the youthful Reuben. But ere many months the charm was broken. She proved but a gay coquette, and after toying with many hearts, finally surrendered to wrinkled age, bartering herself for gold. Reuben had believed he loved her, but when the dream was so rudely broken, he found his heart was fetterless—he had loved not her, but the creation of his own soul who he had fancied was embodied there. For a time indeed he scorned the other sex, but ere long the vision of his own sweet mother came to him in such vivid light, that he felt he stained himself with sin to think even harshly of those to whom she was bound by the ties of sisterhood, and he said within himself, "I will seek her counterpart, and finding it, be happy." So Lord Burleigh-like, he went about as a traveling artist, and in the wild or beautiful of nature, as chanced the scene, his spirit drank in peace, and the angel in his heart sang dearer and more thrillingly.

Such was he who, in the little church of Glen, had watched so closely its frail Lily. Her loveliness, ever bewitchingly delicate, was enhanced by the paleness of convalescence, and she seemed to the young man like one of those sainted ones of whom he used to dream when in his boyish sorrow he nestled on the couch where his mother's spirit had departed. There was no guile, he felt, in those heavenly eyes, no mocking taunt would ever sing from lips like hers—nay, there was a purity of soul visible in her very mien.

"Who is she?" asked he, as he walked home with the inn-keeper; "who is that fair young creature who seems the adopted child of the church? She walks before us with the old pastor."

"She has another name, but we only call her Lily or the Lily of the Glen, a homeless girl now, without a relative on earth, and yet she will never want for anything, for, humble as we are, we will ever make room for her by our hearths and in our hearts, for she is an angel whom we cannot entertain without a blessing!"

The young man shut himself in his room and mused upon her. In his wildest dreams he had fancied nothing earthly so ethereal, and he felt that could he but clasp that fragile Lily to his heart its low murmuring moans would be hushed forever.

The sunset flooded the Glen with brilliancy as he stole forth again, and longing for silent communion with the human floweret who had entranced his soul, he turned from the pleasant village street and followed the banks of a little stream that went singing along as though each wave was a melody. Whither it led he knew not, but keeping the worn path he found himself ere long opposite a little grave-yard, whose monuments had nothing to arrest attention, but whose quiet beauty entranced one at a glance. Reuben leaned with folded hands on the white stile and was soon lost in fresh thought. Memory carried him back to the day his mother died, and he saw himself again in childish grief, bonding, half in wonder, half in awe, over the open grave, and then kissing a white rose-bud from a neighboring bush and casting it on to the coffin, and then he thought of the after visits he had paid it when it was green and flowery, and remembered how many times he had wished he could have slept beside her. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he leaned there; those holy tears which come unbidden to wash the heart of the dust that has gathered on its beauty.

Suddenly he started. A low, sweet strain flitted by on the evening breeze, and to his highly-wrought feelings it seemed at first like the angel voice of her he mourned. But he soon rallied himself, and listening closely, discerned that it came from a locust grove in a distant corner of the yard, and he felt intuitively that it was the night hymn of the Lily sung over the grave of her buried loves.

He forbore to disturb the solemnity of the spot by seeking the acquaintance he desired, and so he turned from the stile, and passing on, threw himself on a bank of violets beside the stream, and was soon lost in delicious revery.

"A beautiful spring night, sir," said a mild voice soon, and starting up the young man found himself face to face with the aged pastor, on whose arm leaned the fair young mourner.

"You are a stranger, sir, I take it, here. I noticed you in church, and I should have spoken to you there, but I had no chance. We are plain, simple people here, but mean to do our duty, and if while you tarry I can be of service, you may command me."

It was a courteous greeting, not so much in words as in the fatherly manner of the gray-haired man, and Reuben offered his hand warmly and expressed his thanks for the kindness, and as he walked back to the village with them, charmed them with his high-toned thoughts, and the three were each regretful when the pastor's gate was reached.

"Let us see you here to-morrow," said he, as he led the Lily in, for she was his dove-like blessing, "or to-night, even, if apart from home, a family altar should be longed for."

"I have longed for it since my mother died," said the young man with a touching pathos.

"Come with us then, sir. We have few forms, but we trust our hearts are right;" and he ushered Reuben into the little study, and for a while they sat there in the calm moonlight, not conversing with each other, but uttering as they chanced, the holy thoughts which begged for an expression.

At an early hour an aged female domestic entered with lights, and drew a stand to the pastor's side. He turned over the leaves of the family Bible till he had selected a chapter, and then passed it to the young man, saying:

"My eyes grow dim; let me borrow yours."

Reuben took the holy volume reverently, and read in clear, thrilling tones, those glorious passages from St. John, commencing: "Let not your heart be troubled." When he had closed, the pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It quivered on her lips, but the sacred emotions of her heart were too powerful for her weakened frame, and the words hung there in uttered music. Reuben's keen ear had caught the strain, though, and his rich voice harmonized fully with the lofty words as he sung it through. Then the aged man bent his knee and prayed. And while he took in the whole world in his petition, he yet pleaded earnestly and individually for the gentle girl he had taken to his heart, and for the stranger who worshiped with them, and, subdued as his human feelings were, the young man was yet conscious of a sudden thrill of joy when he heard himself thus coupled in solemn prayer with the beauteous Lily.

Only snatches of sleep came to him that night; most of it was spent in prayer. And when he went out on the ensuing morning, life wore a changed look to him. It had put on a majesty that awed him, and yet that roused him to sublimer views. The divinity within him was aroused, not partially, but thoroughly, and he resolved to heed well its intuitive suggestions. He sought out the aged pastor and revealed to him his previous life, its longings, its aspirations, its unquietness, and his last resolve, to seek him out a bride who should give beauty and bliss to life.

"When I saw Lily yesterday," said he, "the poet's charming story came vividly to mind, and I resolved to woo her as did the lord of the tale, in painter's dress, and bear her to a princely home when she expected but an humble cottage. But better thoughts have been awakened in me. I would still win her, if I can, but not to lead her into fashion's halls. They are not the place for one so spiritual as she. Home is the sphere for one like her, and I would win her to a home with me, in this or some other shady glen, and keep her my Lily through my life.

"And this is not all, sir. I would learn of you a pastor's duties. My life thus far has been an aimless one. I need not work, for I have wealth at my command, but I would consecrate myself to something. My spirit has ever chafed at the fetters I have thrown about it. I will untangle it, and let it have its will. And at your feet, sir, I would study earnestly, faithfully, and pray that your lips may ask God's blessing on me as I somewhere kneel before my chosen people."

"My son," said the old man, solemnly, "you have chosen well. Heaven hath directed you here as a guardian for Lily and a student for me. These fifty years I have ministered here. I knew my strength was failing and my senses growing dim, but I could not bear to leave my people with one who served their Master from other than the holiest motives, and so, tremulously I have performed my duties for a year or more. My son, you shall commence this day your studies. You are well trained and learned, and your heart is right. It will not take you long to fit yourself to speak to these simple, truthful Christians. I shall be spared to stand beside you when you first preach to them, and then I shall be content to go. Come, let us begin."

And from that day Reuben was an inmate of the parsonage, and that he prospered fast was no wonder either, for he had, as he said, an angel and a saint for guardians. There were scornful looks and haughty words in his aristocratic home, when his proud relatives heard that the heir of their princely wealth had turned student of divinity, and would settle in an obscure village, and there was much wonder among his fashionable friends. But nothing could win the young man from his holy vows, and night after night till the stars waned did he lean over his desk, that he might the sooner be prepared for the pastor's place, his only recreation being his walks and talks with the gentle Lily.

Two years from the day he first entered the little church as a stranger to all, he was solemnly set apart to his holy work, the aged pastor's trembling hands being placed upon his head, as with quivering lips he ordained him a Christian minister; and the same low, lute-like voice that entranced him then, sang now the hymn that confirmed the rite.

At sunset, the holy Sabbath sunset, the little church again was filled, for before the altar stood the youthful pastor to take a new vow to his heart, one that bade him "love and cherish till death did them part," the gentle being who unconsciously had woke his soul to the sublimer view of life—a vow that, while it changed the "girlish thing" to a pastor's bride, yet left her, as she was before, the Lily of the Glen.

BILL NYE, EX-POSTMASTER.

He Successfully Accounts for the Prostration in High Government Circles.

In the course of an interview at Laramie the other day Bill Nye was asked:

"You are still Postmaster here, are you not?"

"Yes, the jig will soon be up or words to that effect. My resignation has gone in to Washington. It created a great deal of excitement thereabouts. Perhaps you've noticed that all the dispatches sent out from the national capital the last few days have a dreary, listless, funeral-at-2-o'clock air about them, as though there was something wrong at headquarters. My resignation has brought this about. I tell you candidly things are looking pretty blue there just now. Old Gresham, the Postmaster-General, you know, telegraphed to me as soon as he received my little note. He says: 'Reconsider your resignation. I beg of you, Billy, don't go.' I answered the telegram, telling him it was a ground hog case—I had to go. Then Frank—Frank Hatton—Frank he wired me: 'For the sake of old love, don't shake us now. The mail service won't rank any higher than our navy if you leave it. Cancel resignation at once.' I replied that I hated to refuse, but couldn't help myself; like the pig-tailed persimmons I must go. Then Chet, he telegraphed me. His message was as long as his trip across Wyoming to the park. He said he felt as though three feet or four cogs in the wheels of government had broken, and that unless I consented to come back into the fold he feared the blamed old machine wouldn't run much longer. I tell you honestly I was so affected by his message that I shed a few weeps before I could muster up spirit to answer it. I told him that I was sorry, but must insist on my resignation being accepted. I told him, however, that if he really needed my assistance I might take the position of Postmaster at New York city, and here I paused for a reply. I have paused ever since."

"Who will succeed you here?"

"Well, that's a hard question to answer. As near as I can learn, about every man in town, except one, has applied for the position. The one man that I refer to is in jail charged with the abduction of a youthful and innocent mule. I believe, however, that he also wrote out an application, but that the jailer suppressed it. I am very busy just now with my new book. I've concluded to try one more dose of my medicine on the dear people. It's pretty tough—on the people—I'll admit, but I don't seem to mind it much. I believe a man gets hard-hearted as he grows older; don't you?"

Making a Reputation.

There is a story, at his own expense, which the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell with great glee. In the days when he was a graduate student at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, a man who lives in the world of mathematics, and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things. Professor Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the Professor went deeper and deeper Mr. Phelps's mind wandered further and further from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps's attention was called back to his companion by the Professor winding up with, "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly proclaimed the Professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake. "Your are right, Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the Professor. "It doesn't give us 'x,' it gives us 'y.'" And from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the Professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, with his own peculiar smile, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

A Pleasant Walk Home.

A member of the Chicago Board of Trade sent his confidential clerk to Iowa during the late cold snap to find out what damage had been done to corn by frost, and wire the result. After getting about one hundred miles into Iowa the clerk telegraphed: "Crop a failure; buy at once." He bought 50,000 bushels. "Crop ruined; buy all you can," was the result of fifty more miles of travel in Iowa. Board of Trade man, exulting in his wisdom in sending a competent man out to see how things were, bought 50,000 more bushels and began to calculate what he should do with his gains. Then corn went down, and not possessing staying qualities he sold out at a loss of $2,000. Then came his turn to use the wire. The clerk had by this time nearly reached the Missouri River. "The further you go the longer your walk will be," was the first telegram. "I do not understand," wired the clerk in reply. "I mean that your reports have cost me $2,000 and that you can walk back from wherever you are. No remittances from me." And the clerk is walking in.

THE SHARK'S ENEMY.—An old Louisiana fisherman, speaking of the millions of porpoises in the Gulf of Mexico, says: "The porpoise is looked upon kindly, as one looks upon a Poland China hog, an enemy to nobody, a peaceful and good-natured fish. Fishermen and others have for him a kindly feeling as the enemy and master of the shark, which he is said to handle as roughly as a wild boar handles a yard dog."

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.

A VISIT TO IT AFTER A LAPSE OF MANY YEARS.

The First Battle of Bull Run and what Joaquin Miller Has to Say About It.

"MANASSAS! MANASSAS!"

The words rang out strangely to me from the swarthy conductor's lips as the cars slowed up at a little village in an open and half barren land. There was a memory, a sense of history, a sound of war, a scent of Waterloo color about this name, a roar of cannon, which can never be quite disassociated from "Manassas!"

I wonder if biblical old Manassah, who kept the wayside inn at Manassas Gap a hundred years ago, and gave his name to the place, was a man of war or a man of peace, or felt the weight of cannon on his shoulders as he bore about this great battle name.

This railway station is about thirty miles from Washington City, through the City of Jackson, which was laid out—and buried, too—during Jackson's administration; also through Alexandria, a storied town, where Washington went to church after he had buried the hatchet and that cherry tree episode. We got a good dinner at Manassas, and hiring a team and driver we set out for the battlefield of Bull Run, four miles distant, over the same road which Beauregard traveled to meet McDowell on the 21st of July, 1861.

The trouble now is not what to say, but what to say in a single letter. Briefly, then, the South was massing for battle on this point. You can to this day see miles of earthworks here. Fort Beauregard is still an imposing piece of fortification, earthwork, with pench trees, pear trees, willows, and, in fact, all kinds of wild as well as tame woods climbing over. It is too heavy to level down and restore again to the dominion of the plow. But nearly all the other lines and earth forts have quietly surrendered to the husbandman, and mounting there to-day the tall corn stands in regiments, flashing its green, bent sabres in the sun.

The first battle of Bull Run stands first in the alphabet of great American battles. Greater battles have been fought hereabouts; a greater battle indeed; on this same ground. But the first has fastened itself on us. There is a savage fascination about it which we who lived on that day cannot escape. And yet it was not yesterday. I saw lounging against a lamp-post here at Manassas, not an hour ago, a handsome young Southerner pulling at his moustache. I approached and asked him of the battle. He had been born since it was fought! So you see it was not fought yesterday, this battle of Bull Run, when the cannon shook the earth even to the shores of Oregon. And do you know the North played the air of "Dixie" in this first battle? It is so. The South had not yet learned it, but played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Let us look back upon this battlefield as we look upon the face of one whom we knew well nearly a quarter of a century ago. By a wide, well-kept country road, through cornfields and clumps of oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory and half a dozen other kinds of scrub trees, some of them badly shot to pieces, we were driven to the muddy, sluggish, crooked and ugly little stream of Bull Run. In this drive of four miles we met one man on horseback; we passed one man on a horse and a barefoot negro boy on foot, driving a little flock of sheep. Overhead I saw a single raven; not a bird, not a squirrel on either hand; but the crickets and grasshoppers, in the cornfields and clumps of wood on either side of us, chirped and sang incessantly.

At the end of four miles we turned through a gate to the right into a field. Cows were scattered here and there around the crescent of the hill. On the crest of the hill stood a long frame farm house; back of this house, a little brownstone monument to the dead soldiers, in front of it, in the door yard, a gravestone. The house which formerly stood here had been torn to splinters during the battle. The lady buried in the grave in the door yard was killed here. She was the mother of the kind old gentleman who now inherits this place. This battlefield was his mother's farm. It is now his, and he shows you about over it. He was teaching school down at Alexandria at the time his mother was killed here; a school teacher for forty years. He and his sister live in this old gray house together; no one but these two old deaf people for may be a mile about. The peach trees are breaking down under loads of fruit in the heart of the battlefield, a little way down the slope of the hill below the grave in the door yard. Long strings of fat turkeys tread the tangle-grass through the orchard chasing the grasshoppers. Below the orchard, half a mile away, and curving around in a muddy crescent, but quite hidden by a young growth of trees, creeps Bull Run. On the morning of the battle the broad cornfields on the other side and away out yonder miles away over the foot hills the Federal bayonets gleamed by tens of thousands. They were marching for Beauregard's rear, or rather for the Midland line, by which he had come up from the South. He had come out from Manassas, four miles away, to stop this movement, as all the world knows. The North was not to be stopped. Hence the battle here. But this is trenching on history, and we must draw the line. You can see where the South retreated to where stood Jackson "like a stone wall."

Back of this house, where the old schoolmaster lives with his older sister, about a hundred yards, and almost at the top of the gently sloping hill, on the outer edge of the tall, rank corn, and against a young growth of pines, is the place where Jackson got down from his horse to pray. And here it was he sat his horse, was wounded, held his men in stubborn line that day, while the storm of battle beat against them, and so won his singular name. On the front of this sloping hill that lies here, between this house and the place where Jackson sat his horse during the battle, the dead lay thickest when the fight was done. The corn is rank and tall. But I do not see, as some pretend to when looking over the field of Waterloo, that the blood of brave men has put any particular mark of vitality upon it. The truth is, if some one did not point out to you all this, you would know nothing whatever of the battlefield of Bull Run. Nature covers up all such scars; time heals the wounds on the breast of our common mother, as well as our own. Wander about here for a week, as I have done, and save for one little brown stone monument here, the old earthworks at Manassas and some scarred old trees, you would not know there had ever been any battle here. I have picked up one bullet and one button from a soldiers coat; that is all. But on the earthworks near the City of Jackson, which was laid out—and buried, too—during Jackson's administration; also through Alexandria, a storied town, where Washington went to church after he had buried the hatchet and that cherry tree episode. We got a good dinner at Manassas, and hiring a team and driver we set out for the battlefield of Bull Run, four miles distant, over the same road which Beauregard traveled to meet McDowell on the 21st of July, 1861.

Not many people come to visit this battlefield. I have seen a thousand at Waterloo for a single visitor here.

The great trench where the dead were buried on this sloping hill, immediately under where Stonewall Jackson sat his horse during the battle, is still a trench. This is a sore that refuses to heal. It has become a little drain or rivulet. The bones of the dead were mostly taken away at the close of the war; and this opened the trench anew. This portion of the battlefield is a pasture now. A little line of trees has grown along the banks of this trench. Under these rank young trees a good many sleek-spotted cattle stood yesterday chewing the cud and lazily switching flies. You never hear a sound of any kind around here at all, no coming and going of carriages as at Waterloo and other great battlefields of Europe. The trees are turning a little red in the blush of early autumn. There is a hazy gray atmosphere over all here which makes the stillness seem more still; a weary ghost of the smoke of war. In the corners of the old Virginia worm fences the wild berry grows rank and red, as if dripping with blood. The very earth is red as if the bosom of mother earth bleeds perpetually for her brave dead who fell in the battle here.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Baby Cried and Jack Cried."

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Scott street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on the head and leave the stick of candy he had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that its mother was pale-faced and hardly able to drag about. It was weeks before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and ask for one in return. After that it was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make and roughing it until he had become suspicious and hard-hearted, should catch on to a little whitehead, and become more than a big brother to him, but that was what happened.

And something more. One day he brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother would find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for the next two weeks was purchased with Jack's money. The mother could only thank him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came round next day, the mother had been buried and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and the baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier good-bye, and the poor and lowly people drew off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung around his neck and seemed to realize that he was to lose a friend, and, as one who stood by expressed it:

"Then baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they finally took the child away Jack's heart was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little chap for the last time he turned and ran away and never looked back!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PRACTICING.—Incited by Buffalo Bill's exhibitions, Willie Cramp, of Reading, Pa., practiced with the lasso. The lasso caught an empty car of a passing coal train, and as the rope was wound around his body he was dragged until, fortunately, the rope caught at a switch and was broken.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

Making a Start—Park's Five Cent Piece—Plantation Philosophy—A Golden Wedding, Etc., Etc.

A FIVE CENT PIECE.

A man may have a hundred dollars in one pocket and a punched five cent nickle in the other, and he will never think of the hundred dollars once, but will think of the five cent nickle all the time. Of course he can't remember where he got it. That he will never know. But he wonders how he can get rid of it. He tries to pass it on various people by turning the worst side down; but he fails, and feels awfully mean and mortified at being caught. He would be willing to buy something he doesn't need at all to get rid of it; but no one will take it. He will sit in his office and take it out and look at it, and turn it over carefully and thoughtfully, and reflect on the prospects of disposing of it. And after he has worried over it for a long time he presents it to a bootblack as though it were a farm. And that night, on the way home in the bob-tail car, late, it strikes him that he might get rid of it in the box, if he only had it; and then a mean sensation steals over him, and he feels like clubbing himself all around the car, and he staggers up and drops a new five cent piece in the box.—*Puck.*

SHYLOCK.

The following story of Henry Irving was told in London the other day by an American actor:

"Irving," said he, "had the reputation of being a little 'near,' as they say here, in small money matters. One night last month he came down to the Lyceum Theatre, and as he alighted he handed the cabby his exact fare—one shilling—omitting the customary gratuity of thruppence or sixpence. The cabby very solemnly took the coin, looked at it cross-eyed and said:

"Beg pardon, Mr. Irving, but don't you play 'Shylock?'"

"Why, fellow?" said Irving, in his sub-cellar voice.

"'Cause, sir," said the cabby, "if you're as good a Jew hon the stage has you har hoff you must be a great hactor." And the cabby rolled away.

MAKING A START.

"I'm on my way East and have about said a stranger, yesterday, to a policeman on Jefferson avenue. "I want to begin right. Now, then, you, of course, have the finest Fire Department in the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! Exactly—exactly. And the best police force?"

"Yes."

"Just as I expected—exactly. This is, of course, one of the healthiest cities in the world?"

"It is."

"Ah—yes. You have a noble river at your doors?"

"We have, sir."

"Exactly—I presumed as much. You have churches and schools for all, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly—of course. Taxes are low, the local Government efficient, and law and order prevail in all directions?"

"Yes."

"I supposed so—yes. The city is improving, and is certain to become a great metropolis?"

"That's what we think."

"Of course—of course. You have pure air, good water and freedom from epidemics?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly—exactly—just as I supposed. They said the same in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, and Milwaukee. If you will have the kindness to direct me to a five-cent barber shop I will enjoy a shave and then see the city. With the start you have given me I cannot fail to do you justice."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

"Where are you going, all dressed up as fine as a fiddle?"

"I have been invited to attend the golden wedding of Tim Spickens."

"Not Tim Spickens, who used to drive a stage between Austin and San Antonio, and who had a shooting scrape down in Houston with a nigger?"

"That's the man?"

"Did you say you were going to attend the golden wedding?"

"Yes."

"People celebrate their golden wedding when they have been married fifty years, don't they?"

"Certainly."

"Then we're not talking about the same man, for the Tim Spickens I mean is not more than thirty years of age, and he wasn't married at all six months ago."

"We are talking about the same man, but you see there are different kinds of golden weddings. I call Tim's wedding a golden wedding because the fair bride, who is a sixty-year-old widow, is said to have $20,000 all in twenty-dollar gold pieces.—*Texas Siftings.*

ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM.

The colored man had just finished saddling Col. Yerger's horse, when a very gentlemanly looking stranger stepped up, and drawing, not a pistol, but a note, said:

"Give that to the gentleman of the house."

The darkey hitched the horse to a post, and went in. Col. Yerger, who was at breakfast, read the note and seemed somewhat surprised at reading:

"I understand that you wish to see me on some business of importance. Please be brief, as I am in a hurry to be off."

"Show the gentleman in at once," said Col. Yerger.

Sambo went out for that purpose. The horse was gone. The stranger was not there either, but his prediction that Col. Yerger was very anxious to see him on important business was nevertheless true. The Colonel is still more anxious to lay eyes on his horse and the nearly new bridle and saddle.—*Austin Siftings.*

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Dean think dat de nigger is a coward,
De black snake ain't as putty as de copper-heads, but he whips him all de same.
Ebery man what will lie won't steal.
De biggest liar I eber seed was a hones' man—dat is he neber stole nuthin' from me.
Ef a man is in fabor ob anything fur de good ob de neighborhood da calls him a wise man, but ef he is too much in fabor ob it da calls him crazy.
De bow-laig man doan stan' so well in 'society as udder men, but he ain't alers de most worthless. Some times de bench-laig fice kills de 'coon arter all de udder dogs hab been fit off.—*Arkansaw Traveler*

AN APOLOGY ON BOTH SIDES.

A gentleman who was stepping from the theatre to the lobby grabbed a lighted cigar from the mouth of a man near him and gave it a toss into the street.

"Apologize or fight!" was the response of the man who had lost his cigar.

"All right, sir," he replied, "I apologize for my rudeness. Now, sir, it is your turn; apologize to my wife for puffing smoke into her face, or take the consequences," this remark being accompanied with a clenching of fists in a significant way.

The apology was forthcoming, and the smoker expressed his thanks for having so good a lesson taught him in so clear a manner.

WHAT COTTAGERS SAY.

"Now the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.
Now we hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock.
And the cluckin' of the guineas and the chuckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallyloover as he tiptoes on the fence;
The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-like, but still
Is a-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The straw-stack in the meddar an' the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead!
Oh! it sez our hearts a-clickin' like the tickin' of the clock,
Now the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

AMERICAN FABLES

The Sage and the Mourners—The Frog and the Traveler, Etc., Etc.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

A Sunfish, having witnessed the terror of a Sailor who came near being nabbed by a Shark, at once Swam for the Vessel and began circling round at a furious rate. While thus engaged a Jack Tar leaned over the rail and scooped him in with a net, with the remark:

"While a Shark may eat a Sailor there's nothing to prevent a Sailor from Eating a Sunfish."

MORAL:

Never doubt a fish story.

THE SAGE AND THE MOURNERS.

A Sage, was on his weary journey to Wisconsin, came upon a crowd one day and observed a general sadness on all faces:

"Why this gloom?" queried the old man, as he laid down his bundle and felt for the front end of his plug of tobacco.

"Oh, Sage, we mourn the death of a good man," was the reply.

"Was he honored?"

"He was."

"Sober, upright, charitable, and given to peace?"

"He was."

"Who of you praised and encouraged him in life?" asked the old man as he looked around him.

A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied.

"Praise that comes after death," whispered the Sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bills. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow."

MORAL:

The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support herself.

THE FROG AND THE TRAVELER.

A Traveler who had taken a seat near a Waterfall would have greatly enjoyed the mighty roar but for the croaking of a Frog near by. At length he rose up in great wrath and assailed the croaker with a club.

"How inconsistent you are?" cried the abused Frog, as he wiped the blood off his ear. "This Waterfall makes a million times more noise than I do, yet you turn upon me!"

"True," replied the Traveler, as he threw the Frog an oil-skin to keep off the dampness, "but you should remember that the dividing line between grandeur and disgust is drawn at the scrape of a fiddle and the howling of a dog."

MORAL:

It is everything in being a waterfall.

THE THIEF AND THE OFFICER.

One of the finest who had been sleeping on his beat for the last hour was suddenly awakened by the cries of a man in distress.

"What's all this row about?" inquired the officer.

"I have been robbed of a satchel!"

"Describe it."

"I cannot, for it is one I stole myself only half an hour before!"

"Then why this great outcry? You have simply been robbed of what you did not own."

"True, and it is that which hurts! The fellow evidently took me for an honest man!"

MORAL:

It hurts lots of contractors the same way.

OUR FORESTS.—Professor Rothrock, of Philadelphia, Pa., says that at the present rate of destroying American forests the country will be without woodlands thirty years hence.

IT is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN and EUROPEAN

TICKET AGENCY.

Tickets West, Northwest, South and South, west, via Grand Trunk Ry, Fitchburg R. R. (Hoosac Tunnel Line), Penn. Railroad from New York; Boston and Albany; Bermuda, Inside Ocean Steamship Co., (N. Y. and Savannah Line.) To and From Europe, via Allan Line Royal Mail and Cunard Steamships. Berths and Staterooms secured in advance. For Tickets or Information address

F. C. LOUGEE, Agent,
Plymouth, N. H.

General Ticket Office, B. C. & M. & White Mt. R. R. jesatlyrll

A Good Salary.

And traveling expenses is what every successful salesman will receive who engages with us. Any man of pluck, energy and reliability can succeed. We offer special inducements beyond any other firm. Success brings PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT and GOOD WAGES. Particulars furnished on application. Address (with stamp) stating age,

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Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.

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$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in the spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, openly, and honorably. Addressed TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Ropp's Calculator and Diary

Makes Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer and Tradesman to make correct and instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. Is worth its weight in gold to every one not quick in figures. It is neatly printed, elegantly bound, accompanied by a Memorable Diary, Billeade Stats, Perpetual Calendar, and Valuable Pocket-book.

English Cloth, Tuck, Morocco, $1.50;
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Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

Young farmers and others Wanted as Agents. Sells rapidly. Address,

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WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy. Those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary Wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address GEORGE & Co., Portland, Me. jesa1y dec1

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With All Recent Improvements.

Five sizes made for family dairies. Five sizes for factory and creamery use. Perfect work and the best work. Strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. They are sold by all dealers. Send for circular. Address

CHARD'S SONS, Concord, N. H.

NEW BUTTER WORKER

Operating on the principle of direct and powerful pressure, instead of rolling, grinding or striking upon the butter. Works in the salt as well. Certain, easy, quick, strong, cheap. Send for full description and circulars to the Inventors and sole makers, PORTER & RICHARD'S SONS, Concord.

People Will Please *IN MIND*

That S. F. BLODGETT & SON'S is the best place to buy Custom Boots and Shoes. All styles made to order at short notice and Warranted. We always have Boots and Shoes of our make on hand and cheap. Also, Dealers in Leather and Findings. General Supplies.

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FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS CAN MAKE $10 TO $20 A DAY

Selling the Latest and Best Family Knitting Machine. Address H. S. SMITH & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS in the Manchester Bus iness College for sale cheap; a rare chance. Inquire at this office.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

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DISEASE CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.

THIS MAGNETIC BELT IS

WARRANTED TO CURE &c. Money Refunded, for the following without medicine:—Pain in the back, kidneys, head, or limbs, nervous debility, lumbago, gungeon bubbles, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, spinal affections, or on the kidneys, spinal diseases, torpid liver, pruritus, nervousness, dizziness, neuralgia, sciatica, hip complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, congestion, indigestion, bowels or ruptures, catarrh, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague, etc.

We have every variety of the GENERATIVE ORGANS except lost vitality; lack of nerve force and vigor, wasting of weaknesses, and all those diseases of a personal nature, from whatever cause, the accidents of private life, or indiscretion, or the excesses of youth, that restore them to a healthy action. There is no mistake about this appliance.

Warranted TRY ONE.

LADIES' MAGNETIC ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.

TO THE LADIES:—If you are afflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, or with Pains of the Back or Kidneys, Headache or Cold Feet, Swollen or Weak Ankles, or Swelling of Feet, be advised and buy a pair of Magnetic Foot Soothers here as supplied in the rear end of an Ambulance and Carriage, and carry a powerful magnetic force to the seat of the Disease.

For Lame Back, Weakness of the Spine, Falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Ruptured Bowels, Prolapsus, Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Barrenness, and change of Life, this is the best Appliance and Curative Agent known.

For all forms of Female Difficulties it is unsurpassed by anything before invented, both as a curative agent and as a source of power and vitality.

Price of either Belt or Supporter, $10, which may be sent by express C.O.D., and examination allowed, or by registered letter at our risk.

The Magnetic Garments are adapted to all ages, are worn over the underclothing, need not be shown, fit the many Galvanic and Electric Bandages advertised, are comfortable and elegant, and cost but a fraction of a right. They hold their magnetism and are worn at all seasons of the year.

Send stamp for "New Departure in Medical Treatment," and for a pamphlet containing thousands of testimonials.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO.,
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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. J. F. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will relieve, immediately relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT *For Internal and External Use.* Invented, Dec. 1, 1845. CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Rheumatism, Hacking Coughs, Whooping Cough, Chronic Bronchitis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Complaints, Soreness of the Spine and Loins, Pain in the Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to J. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now residing in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing else will make hens lay like Sheridan's. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 2 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

For Sale by H. F. WYATT, Town Hall Drug Store, Plymouth, N. H.

TRADE MARK

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

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Dr. Clark Johnson:—

The use of your reliable Indian Blood Syrup has cured me of a severe pain in my side. I advise suffering humanity to give it a trial.

S. KENNA.

eolyjan24

NORTH WEARE, N. H., Oct. 4 1880.

Dr. Clark Johnson:—

I was afflicted with severe Running Sores on my hip, which confined me to my bed. Hearing of your Indian Blood Syrup, I procured some, and a short trial has given me almost entire relief. I cannot praise it too highly.

ISAAC E. WYMAN.

elyjan24

Diseases of the Stomach.

PORTSMOUTH, Rockingham County, N. H.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—I had a Weak Stomach and was unable to attend to my work, and could not eat to keep up my strength. I purchased some of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP and was greatly benefited by its use.

JOSEPH WARNER

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Fall and Winter Styles!

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Special prices on Chamber Sets, Spring Beds and Mattresses, Easy Chairs and Lounges, during the Summer Months.

Drapery.

Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Drapery Goods, Cornice Poles, Window Shades and Curtain Fixtures.

Upholstery.

We do our own Upholstery, and will guarantee our goods and prices not to be beaten.

122 North Main St., Concord, N.H.

PATTEN & HEATH.

THORNTON.

Merrill Greeley has sold his famous hotel in Waterville, to Silas B. Elliott of this place for $12,000.

When they tore down a huge old chimney in A. H. Kendall's house the other day, they found a secret place between the fire-place and the arch. In it was a mould for a Mexican dollar of 1820, a knife for paering, some spurious metal, and ten $5.00 bills of the Newburyport Mass., Commercial Bank dated May 12, 1831. They were signed by Charles Smith, president and A. L. Porter, cashier, and were in a good state of preservation, being nearly folded. Although counterfeits, they were well executed for that time. They are about two thirds the size of a common green back, and are printed on dingy white paper, with the cut of a spread eagle in the centre. As a large part of the chimney has fallen into the cellar, it is possible, something more may be found. The house was built about 1810 by Samuel Emerson. Thornton was entered with a crowd of counterfeiters over 50 years ago and there are undoubtedly forgotten remnants of their nefarious work.

BRIDGEWATER.

Monday evening, Oct. 1st. A part of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dalton, gathered at their residence to celebrate their Crystal wedding, it being the 15th anniversary of their marriage. A large number were present, both Plymouth and Bridgewater people, represented. The gifts brought by the friends, were numerous and useful, among which were two, large and very handsome globe lamps, a beautiful glass set, several pieces of Majolica ware, and fine bowl and pitcher, together with other articles too numerous to mention. A choice collation was served by the host and hostess, after which, a general good time was enjoyed by all, the party breaking up at a late hour, and departing to their several homes, wishing the happy pair many years of happiness and prosperity, all feeling that they had passed a very enjoyable evening. Five years before, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton had a Tin wedding which was a complete success, the presents being numerous and valuable.

T. A.

Mrs. G. A. Brown, who lives in the Boynton house, Winter street, has materials for stamping for embroidery, and would be pleased to receive work of this kind. jesa44

A cubit is two feet.

Phonographic Lessons by Mail. C. H. Kimball, Plymouth, N. H.

jesatfmar15

Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.

Parties who have pictures to be framed are reminded that they can have the work done at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester, and that it will be perfectly satisfactory as to quality and price. Mr. Coburn keeps a large stock of frames and framing material, and employs experienced workmen. jesatfmar9

A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dyo's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. jesalyn26

A farthing was 3 cents.

Picture framing of all kinds is made a specialty at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester. There will also be found a large stock of books and periodicals, including the works of standard authors, gold pens and pencils, work boxes, and a variety of fancy articles needed in the household, and all selling at bottom prices. jesatfmar9

Thomas Moore was born in 1779.

Peruvian Syrup cures dyspepsia, general debility, liver complaint, boils, humors, chronic diarrhœa, nervous affections, female complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. jelOmapril19

A league is three miles.

E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm street, Manchester, are advertising to-day picture frames, ready made or manufactured to order. They are thoroughly conversant with that branch of business, and no doubt good bargains may be obtained from them, as the firm is an old and reliable one.

jesatfapril10

The Corn Law was abolished in 1846.

Work given out. On receipt of your address we will make an offer by which you can earn $3 to $7 evenings, at your home. Men, Women, Boys or Girls can do it. H. B. WILKINSON & Co., 135 and 197 Fulton Street, New York. jesa6mapril18

A shekel was about 50 cents.

Save Your Pictures.

By having them framed at the best and cheapest place in the city, E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm, St. the old reliable firm. Frames to order, wholesale and retail, from the cheapest to the best carved or gilded. jesatfeb14

There are 2750 languages.

Patents Obtained at Home.

C. H. Kimball, associate of W. E. Witherbee, solicitor in patent causes, box 834, Washington, D. C. let me see a sketch or model of your invention. Advice, as to novelty and cost of obtaining a good and valid patent, free. Rejected cases a specialty. Labels and trade-marks registered.

jesatfsept20

The first lucifer match was made in 92.

Buy Your Dickens, Eliot, Thackeray, and the productions of other famous authors at the reliable bookstore of E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm. They have a large stock of books at the lowest prices in the city.

jesatfSept15

The Pacific telegraph was opened in 1861.

E. R. Coburn & Co. 740 Elm St., Manchester, N.H. In our stock we have endeavored to select such goods that will meet the wants of our patrons and the public generally, and you will find in our store, a large variety of the best goods in our line, comprising books, stationery, periodicals, photograph albums, autograph albums, birthday cards, gift cards, pictures, writing desks, work boxes, games, etc. Artist's supplies; canvas, academy boards, millboards, panels, paper placques, color-boxes, palette cups and knives, brushes of all kinds, pastels, crayon and crayon papers, Winsor & Newton's oil and water colors, easels, wax flower material, etc., etc. picture frames on hand and made to order. jesatfaug26

A fathom is six feet.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gum, reduces inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. jesa1ytch14.

SOME OF THE

Prominent Summer Hotels,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HOTEL WEIRS, Weirs, N. H.

THE WINNECOETTE, Weirs, N. H.

LAKESIDE HOUSE, Weirs, N. H.

PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, Plymouth, N. H.

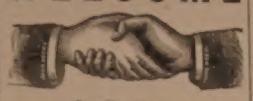
BLACK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Campton Village, N. H.

GLENDON HOUSE, Wolfeboro, N. H.

CENTER HARBOR, N. H.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE

WELCOME



SOAP

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It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

My hearing is much benefited.

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My hearing is improving.

It is giving good satisfaction.

Have been greatly benefited, and am rejoiced that I saw the notice of it.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to Haylock & Jenney, 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—Editor of Mercantile Review.

☞ To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by Registered Letter.

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CRACKED HOOFS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES AND SORES

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$1.00 A YEAR in Advance in the County. $1.50 a Year—$1.25 when paid in Advance.

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Moderate and made known on application.

Births, Marriages and Deaths published free Obituaries, ten cents per line.

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Of every description executed promptly in the best manner at reasonable prices.

This paper is sent free to any address for one month or more on trial.

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WORLD'S LEADER PERFECT

LATEST AND BEST SEWING MACHINE.

It is universally conceded, even by our competitors, to be the finest finished and best made in the market.

ELEGANT WOOD WORK, ornamented with EBONY and GILT.

AGENTS WANTED. ADDRESS

LEADER SEWING MACHINE CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE LATE JOHN G. CHASE.

The obsequies of the above occurred on Saturday, commencing at 10.30 in the forenoon at his late residence. These initial services were brief and private, those of a more public nature taking place in the Congregational church about half an hour later. The Odd Fellows and Knights of Honor escorted the remains to the sacred edifice followed by numerous carriages filled with relatives and friends, including many of his railway associates and colaborers. The members of the two secret orders drew up in two lines facing each other as is the custom, through which the occupants of the carriages entered the church and finally the members themselves. The interior was crowded, the front and centre being reserved for the mourners and the benevolent orders previously mentioned. A male quartette consisting of W. E. Tenney, H. S. George, E. A. Adams and R. A. Chase, sang "Remember Now Thy Creator" and Rev. Mr. Shinn repeated from memory numerous Scripture selections especially adapted to the sad occasion. Rev. Mr. Shinn referred to the leaves that fall before maturity as in the present instance. The jewel had escaped from the casket and was now for better off. The speaker spoke with great affection and tenderness of his own relation with the deceased, as well as those of his family, relatives and friends. He was unselfish, liberal in ideas and actions, unpretending, faithful, social, generous and possessed many other qualities that gained for him the respect and affection of all who knew him. He was foremost in temperance work, being the treasurer of the society here. He was no benevolent and social that he quickly affiliated with the two orders then present, in one of which he held a high office. His death was a great gain to himself, but a sad loss to his friends, yet it would doubtless ultimately be for the good of all. As singer in the Universalist church choir, he will be greatly missed. As an exponent of the Universalist faith, he was a model and the reverend gentleman dwelt at considerable length on that point, paying a high tribute to his character in that regard. The foregoing is only a short abstract of the speaker's earnest and tender words regarding the departed, as it would require publication entire to do full justice. At the close of these services, those present had an opportunity to gaze upon the remains which reposed in a costly casket, covered with black and adorned with silver. A large number availed themselves of the sad privilege and at about 12.30 the procession proceeded to the station from which the cars were taken for Laconia the final resting place. The bearers were Plummer Fox, Thomas Roble, W. D. Blaisdell and H. D. Smith. C. A. Jewell had charge of the ceremonies, assisted by W. G. Sherman and M. S. Brown. Rev. Mr. Peck offered an affecting prayer and the choir sang several appropriate pieces at intervals.

The deceased was the son of Mark and Harriet Chase and was born in Laconia 48 years ago. His parents originally lived here. Previous to coming here he had worked on a farm, at loom harness making and on the railroad. Two brothers and two sisters survive. The father is dead but the mother is still living.

The floral tributes consisted of a pillow, wreath and broken column, from his railroad friends, a pillow from the Odd Fellows and a cross from the Universalist choir. A beautiful satin motto, "He delighteth in Mercy," with forget-me-nots at each extremity was contributed by a sister.

A delegation of Odd Fellows from here here accompanied the remains to Laconia. The same manager and bearers acted there as here. Rev. Mr. Thurston of that place offered prayer at the grave. Members of the order from there also participated.

THE LATE LEWIS F. MERRILL.

The late Lewis F. Merrill was born in Orford nearly 73 years ago. His parents' names were Jesse and Esther, his father being a farmer. There were 14 children in the family, all but two being sons. Four are now living, Richard and Thomas in California, Artemas in Groton, Mass., and Mrs. Rosa A. Savage, Orford, N. H. The deceased is survived by the following children: Mrs. Fannie Fowle, who is married to a Cambridgeport, Mass., jeweler; Lewis E., Daniel W., and Jesse, all of whom live in Somerville and worked for their father, and of whom the former will probably take charge hereafter; and Mrs. Carrie S. Davies, who is the wife of a book-keeper in Boston and also resides in Somerville. He was married to Harriet Merrill nearly 50 years ago, who likewise survives. She was also a native of Orford and a cousin of his. The deceased had been in the pork, lard, sausage and similar business for many years in Somerville, Mass., where he also had a residence, while his place of business was at a stand in Quincy market, Boston. He had been out of health several years and at one time, came very near passing away, but rallied and his last illness only lasted about a month, confinement to his room being of only two weeks duration. The remains were taken to Mount Auburn, near Boston, for interment in the family lot where several of his children are already buried. There were brief services at the grave there. The marketmen of Boston who had known him so long and well sent some beautiful and costly flowers. It is understood that Mrs. Merrill will remove to Somerville and the property here will be disposed of. The bearers here were A. G. Smythe, J. F. Langdon, Philander Woods, F. W. A. Roble.

The funeral services of the deceased occured at his late residence Sunday afternoon, commencing at three o'clock and lasting about one hour. All available space in the numerous rooms in the lower story were filled with relatives and intimate friends who deeply deplored their great loss. Rev. J. G. Smith officiated, reading suitable selections of Scripture, offering prayer and preaching a short discourse from Ex. 9:1, on the subject of death and the necessity of preparation for it. A choir consisting of Messrs. George H. Adams, and William Thornton, Miss Ida Mintzer and Mrs. John Mason, sang "Come unto Me," "Abide with Me," etc. The remains were enclosed in an elegant casket covered with black broadcloth, relieved by silver ornaments. There was a beautiful large floral pillow with the word "Father" in blue immortelles in the centre of the white and tinted background, a handsome sheaf of wheat, with the word "Rest" in purple violets, and other choice evidences of affection and remembrance. The large number present were given an opportunity to gaze upon the features of our honored and beloved citizen for the last time and many were deeply affected. Alvin Burleigh, Esq., had general charge of the arrangements. Mr. Merrill, during his long residence of over a quarter of a century among us, has ever been very public spirited and many monuments of his disinterested labors are to be seen on every hand. The chief perhaps are the noble shade trees that adorn the streets in the north part of the village, and are the admiration of all strangers as they are the comfort of residents in that vicinity. As highway surveyor, the departed did much for nearly all our village streets and much else connected with them. As the builder and first occupant of the present fine residence of Nahan H. Weeks, Esq., and the elegant brick structure in which he died, he has left two handsome additions to our architecture which are the pride of our citizens and the envy of visitors. On Maple hill on which his residence was located, and vicinity he did much in other directions for real estate that is of permanent value to our beautiful village, all of which will endure for long years to come. As a man of business in Boston and resident in Somerville, Mass., as well as here he was always social, genial, friendly, energetic and kind to all by which he was endeared to a multitude of friends and acquaintances by whom his memory will long be cherished.

Parties Wanting anything invented to meet a particular want, Address, Inventors Agency, Plymouth, N. H.

jesamarlt5

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ODD FELLOWS IN COUNCIL.

The grand encampment of New Hampshire opened its 39th annual session at 11 a. m. Tuesday, Oct. 8th, in the Normal School Hall. Grand Patriarch Wm. H. Plummer in the chair. Opened in due-form. At the forenoon session, 16 new members were admitted and instructed in the Grand encampment Lodge. The Grand Patriarch then read his annual report covering his acts and doings the past year, and a general survey of the order in the State. The following statistics are gathered concerning the order in this state: Number Encampments, 22; number members, June 30, 1882, 2,412; admitted by conferring degrees, 86; admitted by card, 4; reinstated, 17; total gain 108. withdrawn by card, 20; suspended, 55; expelled, 3; died, 26; total loss, 109. Net gain for the year, 6. Number members June 30, 1883, 2,418; applicants rejected, 2; patriarchs relieved, 235; number weeks sickness, 2,044; paid for relief of patriarchs, $1,820.52; funeral benefits, $305.00; other charities, $43.00. Total Rebefs, $1,068..2. Gross receipts, $6,458.82; loss in gross receipts, 520. 59; total cash and investments, $16,648.15; Amount June 30, 1882, $15,135.15. Increase, $1, 513.01.

The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year: John Gillis, Manchester, G. P.; C. A. Dow, Lebanon, H. P.; W. W. Cotton, Portsmouth, S. W.; H. Hill, Manchester, J. W.; Jos. Kidder, Manchester, Grand Scribe; L. K. Peacock, Concord, Grand Treasurer; J. B. Albin, Henniker, Grand Representative for 2 years. The Grand Representatives C. J. Gould and J. E. Colcord made a full report of the legislation of the recent session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge. The various reports presented, were considered at the afternoon and evening sessions. The secret work was exemplified by the Grand Representatives before closing.

The Grand Lodge opened at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, October 10th. 51 new members were admitted and instructed in the Grand Lodge Degree. Grand Secretary Joseph Kidder read his annual report showing that there are now 68 subordinate Lodges in the jurisdiction. The total increase of members for the past year, is 461, making the total number of members 8,606. The total relief funds $23,613.61; cash and investments $214,859.26. The total weeks sickness have been 7,852. The number of Rebekah Degree Lodges are 14, with a membership of 1,732. The receipts $7,529.35, total assets. $3,80315.

The following officers were elected and installed during the afternoon and evening: G. M., H. A. Brown, Concord; D. G. M., Lewis Malvern, Laconia; G. W., C. A. Jewell, Plymouth; G. S. Joseph Kidder, Manchester; G. T., R. C. Fernald, Salmon Falls; G. C., M. M. Burbank, Franklin; G. M., W. O. Folsom, Henniker; G. R., for two years L. F. McKinney, Manchester; Grand Representative G. A. Robie made a complete report of the last session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge. Of the 68 lodges in the state, all but three were represented. Over 200 were present in all. The usual reports were acted upon. Plymouth lodge was admitted in the evening to witness the exemplification of the work.

There were excursions to the Flume most of the way in Pullman parlor cars on Thursday and Wednesday and members walked or rode considerably in this vicinity. Nearly all of the members returned home on Tuesday. For the past 25 years the order has increased on an average of 300 per year. The handsome new furniture used in their sessions was kindly loaned by the lodge here.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

Many wells are dry.

Mrs. O. C. Foss is quite ill.

Gilmore Houston has recently been quite ill.

Dr. Burns has had a telephone put in his house.

Miss Belle A. Philbrick has gone to Concord.

G. W. Currier of Merrimac, Mass., was recently here.

Miss Sophie Frame is at work at H. H. McQuesten's.

Mrs. Moses Smith has lately bought a fine new piano.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Carter have lately returned home.

Mrs. J. W. Butler and daughter, have been to Woodsville.

Some work has been done on the roof of the upper car house.

The south side of the Town Hall roof has been newly shingled.

The bakery team has finished its trips out of town, for the season.

Alvin Burleigh, Esq., recently spent some days in Nashua, attending court.

Various repairs and changes have been made about Horace Wyatt's residence.

G. W. Little has a hen's egg, 5 1-4 in ches, in circumference by 3 1-8 in length.

Mrs. Kate McQuesten White has gone to Boston to take music lessons for a while.

The Russell mansion has been newly painted and various other alterations made

Over 50 postal notes have been issued here since Sept. 1, when it went into operation.

The restaurant has been divided by a board partition to make it smaller and warmer.

Base ball is a very popular amusement with the school boys in front of the Court House.

Mrs. J. A. Dodge, will spend the winter in Boston, with her daughter, Mrs W. R. Park.

Two large new circular steam radiators have been placed in the waiting rooms at the depot here.

The cheap excursions from this vicinity to the Boston fairs were taken advantage of by many.

B. P. St. Clair & Co., recently sent a barrel of all nuts to a gentleman near Boston for his private use.

Deacon E. J. Young of Campton Village, recently left here for California, where he is to spend the winter.

Deacon W. G Brown of Campton, recovered his stolen gold watch at L. C. Hull's store, where the boy sold it for $5.00.

A small tree and box on the south side of Bridge street, near the track were recently knocked down and have been removed.

Leonard Colburn has been to Middleboro, Mass., near Boston, where he had secured a situation, but not liking it has returned.

Messrs. Frank Smith and Frank Wells came from Littleton to attend the John C. Chase's funeral as members of the same lodge to which the deceased belonged.

Some of the constant attendants at the band meetings, wish those who are rather irregular would please do a little better now that the weather is cooler.

The morning paper train that reaches here at about eight o'clock, running between Concord and this place, made its last trip for the season last Saturday.

Four persons were dead and unburied here at one time late last week. They were Messrs. John C. Chase, Lewis F. Merrill, Aaron A. Bussell and John Morrill.

F. C. Blodgett having given up his position at ticket seller at Weirs which he occupied during the summer season, is selling gloves for M. A. Ferrin and stock for a Gloversville, N. Y. firm.

The Midgett, a small amateur weekly newspaper recently started by Topping & Chase, is steadily improving and becoming more widely and favorably known, so that its success seems assured.

E. R. Chanlin, Esq., of Westerly, R. I. correspondent of the Providence Daily *Journal* and Chicago *Weekly Standard*, was here recently on a trip through this region, which he is writing up in an extended manner for the above named papers.

Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O.

H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can safely recommend it for *Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head*, and a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for *Liver and Kidney Complaints*. MRS. A. C. CLERCK,

209 Baymiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

BOSTON, MASS.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. J. L. HANNAFORD,

Pastor of Eglesion Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply on hand.

Yours, &c., C. A. JACKSON,

Business Manager South Boston Inquirer

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. S. Melvin of Lawrence, Mass., was likely in town.

Some hydrant testing and practice occurred here early this week.

Miss Minnie Stearns has lately returned home, after a long absence.

Clarence Fifield is once more at work at the Pemigewasset House.

On the walls of this office, among the various pictures are two frames, one containing over $100, and the other nearly $2,000 in bills. There is no temptation to break through and steal, however, for the first are rebel currency and the latter Bryant & Stratton commercial college bills.

C. M. Boynton, Dry Goods, Concord N. H., is now giving and allowing his customers remarkable bargains, on short length Cotton Flannels. They are from 6 to 10 yds. each and perfect goods, also special sales on Blankets, Comforters, Dress Goods and largest stock to select from. Visit him for bargains.

The town clock and many other time pieces have been somewhat mixed this week in an attempt to correspond with the uniform standard railroad time tables lately adopted by which they were set back about 15 minutes when there was no need of it. All are now restored to their former condition.

Of the 2000 German carp obtained from Washington by the fish commission only a few survived, and these were placed in a pond connected with the fish-hatching establishment at Plymouth. They were but a few inches in length at the time, but have shown remarkable growth during this summer, and have attained a length of fifteen inches in several instances.—*Ex.*

Persons attending the meeting of the New Hampshire Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions at Keene, Oct. 18th, paying their fare on the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, will be furnished at the meeting with free return tickets from Concord to the place of starting. See New Hampshire Journal concerning tickets for the other railroads. Mrs. Quincy Blakely of Campton, is vice president of the society for Grafton County, and is interested to have as many go to the meeting as may be able.

ASHLAND ALLEGATIONS.

A. E. Porter and family will now occupy rooms which he has had finished off over his store.

Rev. Mr. Jones will go to Florida soon with a daughter who is in poor health. His place as rector in St. Mark's church will be filled by Professor Webster, of the Holderness School.

Mrs. Luther Cass has returned from visiting friends in Boston and vicinity, bringing with her several of her friends from South Boston.

Henry C. Dearborn has been appointed Superintendent school committee by the Selectmen, in place of George B. Cox who has resigned the position and entered college at Middletown, Conn.

Miss Nellie M. Brown recently spent a few days in town.

Edwin B. Currier has recently been in Portland and Boston.

Mrs. Ogier of Camden, Me., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Caleb A. Huckins of this place.

David M. Hawkins of Centre Harbor, went to Boston last week, to the fair.

A. M. Corning and two daughters, of Manchester, recently stopped at George B. Stevan's over night.

Quite a number of our townspeople attended the Foreign Exhibition in Boston, last week.

C. A. Huckins and wife, with Mrs. Ogier visited with Delos Huckins in Woodstock, recently.

Mrs. George Drew is recovering from her paralytic shock. Sylvester Drew, her son from Manchester, has been with her for sometime past.

Mrs. Nellie Eaton is sick at Mrs. S. D. Whitten's.

Mrs. Frank S. Smith is reported gaining. She is at the Mass. General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Morse are visiting at E. F. Bailey's.

Alvah P. Huckins is again boarding with M. W. Shapleigh's.

Miss Rebecca Deane has quite a force of men at work on the frame of her new store.

D. C. Merrill has still further improved his new block by laying pipe for water from A. E. Porters, to his new tenement.

Mrs. D. H. Fogg is very sick.

Mrs. Foss' little girl died very suddenly Sunday evening after a short sickness of 12 hours. Malignant sore throat, we learn.

George W. Ellis raised from less than a third of an acre of ground, nearly 100 bushels of carrots. Long orange variety.

A new Shoemaker in town. D. A. A. Brown. He works in D. C. York's harness shop.

The Lake Company have taken off the piazza and otherwise improved their tenement, occupied by H. F. Sanborn. Swayne and Cummings are doing the work.

Mrs. Emma B. Hall is on the sick list this week. Dr. Spaulding attends her. Mrs. Hall was sent for from Lake Village. She is somewhat more comfortable.

The G. A. R. boys had a good sociable time at Veazy Hall on Tuesday evening. The Lady Relief Corps furnished the rations. Singing by Dr. Spaulding and ladie comrade, F. M. Hughes at the organ.

Mrs. Salley Glover has gone to L. Whitten's to stay for a time.

Mrs. Leonard Clough has been employed to assist in taking care of Mr. Parson Cheney who is quite feeble.

James Brogan has been in Boston and vicinity this week.

There is a valuable letter in P. O. addressed to "Mrs. Lydia A. Steel" from her "sister Sue". This has been to the Dead Letter Office and is sent here for the writer. If claimed within a week it will prevent its being returned to the Dead Letter Office. jlt

THE EXEMPTION OF PRINTING ESTABLISHMENTS FROM TAXATION.

Newspaper and job printing offices, especially small ones just starting into existence should be exempted from taxation entirely, or not be forced to pay as much proportionally as larger ones, in order to afford some degree of protection and fostering care to what is of greater benefit to a community than any other industry that can be mentioned. Our great manufacturing and other important commercial interests are aided by tariffs, or subsidies, or exemptions and the results of this wise policy are seen in their rapid growth and advancement. According to the science of political economy, by their extent, the cost of production is lessened, the quality improved, better wages paid its employees, home markets benefited and inventive genius stimulated, which aids in creating wealth, saving time, money and hard labor. All this applies equally as well to printing, newspaper, book and job work. The "art preservative of all arts" as it is appropriately called, is not as pretentious in its claims and extensive in its outward appearances as many other industries but its influence is much more powerful, because it is silent and appeals to the mind of mankind, instead of to the mere senses. It scatters the seeds of knowledge in every direction and labors continually in so doing, so that incessant crops are always growing, although the fruitage may not appear for generations to come. Any aid extended to printers, publishers, editors and authors by legislation, municipal or other agencies by means of the foregoing will be repaid many times over, not only now, but for all time to come. Churches and schools are among the moral, educational and progressive agents that are thus favored and why not their effective and able assistants, the printing presses as well? They can reach uncounted numbers with their productions that no minister or teacher can and they are continually at work which is not the case with the others. They penetrate everywhere to the remotest corners of the globe, addressing their readers in privacy when no person would dare invade their presence. Such is the case, with many industries that benefit mankind most, the pecuniary benefit derived therefrom is the least, so that on this account, if no other, every encouragement should be given, which will be amply repaid in the advancement of the entire human race.—*Exchange.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING PROPERTY IN NEWSPAPERS ON ACCOUNT OF UNPAID TAXES.

It would be a great advantage if all property advertised for sale for taxes could be laid before the public in one or more newspapers, and have marked copies sent to parties interested. This is the case with those who are classed as non residents and who usually own land which is generally in an uncultivated condition with rarely any buildings thereon. The law requires that when the assessed taxes are not paid near the close of the year they shall be advertised in some state paper of large circulation, printed in a city, and also in a county paper for three weeks in succession about two months before the sale is to occur, which is about town meeting time. This advertising costs 50 cents for each inch in length, the column being about two inches wide, for each week, or $1.50 per inch for the entire time. The type used is the smallest employed by newspapers outside of the cities in setting advertisements, which is nonpareil, or on that basis. As there are 12 lines in an inch, and the description of property frequently can be given in one line, the total expense of one twelfth of $1.50 or 12 1-2 cents can not be very exorbitant. Written copies of these notices are also posted, but it frequently happens that the owner of thousands of acres, generally some great lumbering does not see any of the foregoing, and much trouble and expense ensues.

Now if all such parties had been furnished with a marked copy of the newspapers each the three weeks, they would have had sufficient notice. As we understood it the town collectors are not obliged to do this and very seldom do.

The property of residents, especially homesteads, has, with the exception of a short time only, never been subjected to any of the foregoing and then only as regards publication in a neighboring local paper or one printed in the place if there is such. The time for selling such is generally about the first of the summer and the time required for advertising in advance is not as extended as is the case with the non resident notices in newspapers. As will be seen, the expense of such advertising is but a few cents for each person, while the advantages are many. The overworked collector would be saved many miles of weary and fruitless travel. The party interested would have their chances of seeing it printed in good legible type instead of sometimes poorly written manuscript, fastened up in some obscure corner of the post office, town hall or other public place where not one in a thousand would ever notice it and many couldn't read it if they did. Then again they are also posted on outside doors where, wind, rain or snow soon sweeps them away or obliterates the ink words and figures. Collectors make many calls, write numerous letters and do much extra work that might be saved if all parties knew that their names would appear sure as fate in their own local papers which circulate widely among their own citizens and neighbors. A feeling of pride would induce many to pay before that time and not be subjected to the mortification of the above. Delinquent resident tax payers are frequently among our wealthiest, most popular, able business men, who are rather negligent of this important duty, because it is a public one, in a certain sense and not one of a more private nature. We notice that a bill providing for the above as well as one for the exemption of printing establishments from taxation were lately introduced in the Legislature of this state, but both failed of passage. This is to be regretted, as those who opposed them certainly did not have in mind the many advantages that would result from their enactment. These subjects will be brought before succeeding legislatures and it is to be hoped more favorable considerations will be accorded them, both as regards justice and economy.—*Exchange.*

A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.

Gibbon's "Rome" was finished in 1787.

A New Departure.

One good result of the hard times a few years ago, was the bringing into life an article in proprietary medicine, which gave to every purchaser a full equivalent for his money. The rule of this class of medicines is from 10 to 25 doses for $1, the best only reaching 40. Messrs. Hood & Co. took a new departure and in the article now so well and favorably known as Hood's Sarsaparilla, they gave, unprecedented quantity of 100 doses for $1. These facts commend this remedy to the consideration of the sick, also the well, for they are liable to be sick.

SOME OF THE

Prominent Summer Hotels,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ISLAND HOME, Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H.

PAVILION HOTEL, Wolfeboro', N. H.

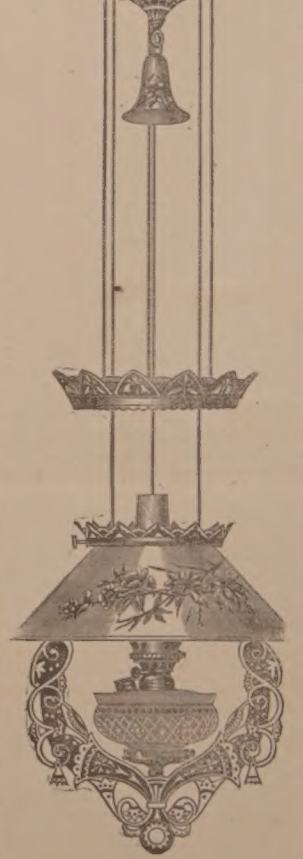
WILLARD HOTEL, Laconia, N. H.

$173.75 for a SQUARE or UPRIGHT ROSEWOOD PIANOFORTE, with Stool, Book and Music. Only $30 for an Eight Stop, Sub-Bass and Octave-Coupler ORGAN. Chapel Organs $65, Pipe Organs $91. OTHER BARGAINS fully described in Illustrated Catalogue which is sent FREE with full particulars. VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

HIGGINS BROTHERS'

ELEGANT LAMPS

For Library, Hall, or Drawing Room.



Our Fall Stock of FINE LAMPS embraces an elegant line for Parlor, Library and Hall use. Our Polished Brass Hanging Lamp is very attractive in appearance, convenient to operate and meets with excellent favor.

Duplex Art Lamp, richly decorated, giving clear white light of 20 candle power, is a specialty. Three advantages in buying lamps of us, viz.: Elegant Stock to select from, Low Prices, All Goods Warranted.

HIGGINS BROTHERS, - Manchester, N. H.

FINE LAMPS A SPECIALTY.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

Are 25% more active than any other in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE to TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For Chronic Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF—

THE PEMIGEWASSET NATIONAL BANK

At Plymouth, in the State of New Hampshire, at the close of business, Oct. 2nd, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$111,209 83
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	75,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	11,200 00
Due from approved reserve agents	22,489 08
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	1,100 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,021 82
Checks and other cash items	235 08
Bills of other Banks	3,535 00
Fractional paper currency, nickles, and pennies	26 57
Specie	700 00
Legal tender notes	4,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	3,375 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	500 00
Total	$241,186 38

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$75,000 00
Surplus fund	8,000 00
Undivided profits	3,849 80
National Bank notes outstanding	66,900 00
Individual deposits subject to check	81,383 98
Demand certificates of deposit	11,150 60
Total	$241,186 38

State of New Hampshire, County of Grafton, ss.

I, JOHN H. GOSS, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. B. COPELAND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of October, 1883. GEO. H. ADAMS, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

NATHAN H. WEEKS,
J. M. MORSE,
GEO. H. ADAMS. } Directors.

Plymouth Real Estate Office, Tufts' New Block. Desirable City and Country Property For Sale or Exchange on Favorable terms. Advertising done for nothing. Situations Procured, Help Furnished, and other business of like character transacted. Communications freely answered.

jesatfmar15

The Atlantic cable was laid in 1866.

Mattresses and Bedding of new, clean stock furnished at short notice and samples of Hair and Feathers, with prices sent by mail from Paine's, 48 Canal Street, on receiving postal card to do so. jelt

For Sale.—A neat, pretty and comfortable dwelling house, newly repaired, repainted, etc., with nice garden, growing flowers, fruit trees of numerous varieties, etc. Situated next south of the Town Hall, Main street, near by stores, depot, churches, and school. Price made known on inquiring at the premises. jesatf

WANTED.—A house work girl, in a small family. Light work. Easy place. Address Box 500, Plymouth, N. H., or inquire at this office.

Want to buy a second hand, small wood stove. Box 500, or this office.

jesatfoct5

The Album Writer's Friend.

We have just received from the Publishers a copy of The Album Writers' Friend, containing nearly Three Hundred Selections suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Those of our readers who have been invited to inscribe their sentiments in a friend's Album, will find this little volume a valuable help. It contains 64 pages, and will be sent by mail post paid on receipt of 15 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & Co., Publishers, No. 91 Rose Street New York. jesalt

5,000 Bushels of Cider Apples wanted at P. Fox's. 2toct4

Morgan's Libel Suit.

The suit of Keefe vs. Henry Morgan, with an attachment on his church and dwellings for $25,000 is put down for the October term, Superior Court, Suffolk County, Boston. The plaintiff claims to be the identical "Rose" and "Rose" Delany, heroine of "Boston Inside Out," who, it is alleged, by her own confession and the written statements of her husband, was induced to leave the path of rectitude by "Father Titus," a noted ecclesiastic, and at one time acting prelate. The defence claims that "Rose Delany" is a fictitious character; that he recognizes no such personage as Keefe. If there is any resemblance, it was furnished by the husband of the plaintiff when both were living together in sweet harmony and conjugal concord. At first it was supposed that leading Catholics were backing the suit against Mr. Morgan; but upon learning that $2,500 had already been paid the harmonious couple by the priest for wounded feelings, besides $300 to lawyers on either side for hushing the slander suit, then the zealous Catholic defenders of the priesthood were thunderstruck, non est inventus. If the suit comes to trial, as it probably will, it must reveal the curse of celibacy and the general immorality of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, as they never have been revealed in Boston or in America. Agents, send $1,00 for sample copy of "Fallen Priest" or for "Boston Inside Out" (25th edition) to "Rev. Henry Morgan, 81 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass." Retail price, $1.50. jesalt

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

Heroes and Heroines of the Border.

In American history there are no more interesting figures than the Heroes and Heroines of the Border. Bold, dashing, adventurous and patriotic; loyal to friends, to country and to the interests of society, their work was singularly effective in the advancement of American civilization. With seeming recklessness, their efforts were in the interest of law and order, and the people owe them a debt of gratitude they do not forget. Their page in history is as fascinating as it is honorable, and there is a peculiar pleasure in reading the narrative of their wonderful exploits.

The times which produced those heroes and heroines mark a period in American history of absorbing interest alike to old and young. It is proper that it should be so. These hardy pioneers coupled virtue with courage, humanity and love of country with the stern duties of frontier life and battle, and the example of their lives not only interests but strengthens our faith and admiration in human courage and unselfish purpose.

In American pioneer history there are three distinct eras marked as distinctly by three geographical divisions; from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi, marking the first; from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains the second; California and the Pacific Slope the third. The settlement of these vast regions developed great leaders, whose achievements have made them justly and widely famous. They have a warm place in the hearts of the people, and a prominent one in their admiration. It is appropriate that their achievements should be recordee, and we note with pleasure the forthcoming of a new book, now ready, from the press of N. D. Thompson & Co; Publishers, New York and St. Louis, Mo; called: Conquering the Wilderness, or New Pictorial History of Life and Times of the Pioneer Heroes and Heroines of America.

It is written by Col. Frank Triplett, an accomplished writer, whose literary qualifications and great experience on the frontiers are said to eminently fit him for so noble a task.

A special feature of the book is its apt and profuse illustration, embracing 220 superb engravings, illustrating incidents and persons—the latter embracing nearly 100 life like portraits, of pioneer leaders, never before given—men and women—which make it a sort of picture gallery, as well as book of thrilling narrative, that will lend to the book a charm and interest not to be resisted. It is sold by subscription, through canvassing agents, and presents an opportunity to agents to make money especially inviting. We advertise it in another column. jesalt

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—The disinterment of the North Carolina confederate dead at Arlington National Cemetery is completed, and all the bodies taken to Alexandria, where they will be placed in fine caskets for shipment to Raleigh.

—Supervising Inspector Starbuck, who is conducting the investigation in Albany into the explosion on the tug Robinson, reports that a piece of the exploded boiler has been taken from the river and examined. One of the flues, he reports, was found collapsed, and the iron, which seemed of good quality, was badly torn.

—Fire destroyed several buildings at Sandy Lake, Pa., on Friday, the loss aggregated $50,000.

—All the arrangements for the annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee are completed at Cleveland, Ohio.

—Trinket best St. Julien at Island Park Trotting Meeting.

—A railway train was fired at near Adrian, Mich., and three persons were slightly injured by the glass shattered by the bullets.

—The National Association of Stationary Engineers at Chicago elected the following officers:—President, James G. Beckerley, of Chicago; Vice President, R. J. Kilpatrick, of St. Louis; Secretary, A. M. Davy, of Detroit; Treasurer, George M. Barker, of Boston.

—Severe storms on Lake Michigan have caused further marine disasters, with loss of life.

—The Engineer Corps of the army will run the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland.

—A Union Line street car, containing about twenty passengers was run into and demolished at the crossing of Susquehanna avenue and American street, in the northern part of Philadelphia, by the Newtown express train, on the North Pennsylvania branch of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, killing four persons almost instantly and seriously injuring most of the others, fifteen in number.

—A day of prayer for the success of the prohibition movements in Ohio and Iowa was held at the Masonic Temple in Washington on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

—Two stage robbers were shot and killed in Arizona by the sheriff in pursuit of them.

—The police of Philadelphia, by direction of the Mayor, made a raid on the Sansome street pool rooms. The proprietors and their assistants were taken into custody and held in $800 bail each.

—At the New York Chamber of Commerce meeting it was asserted that the want of a national bankruptcy law and of proper legislation in the States had encouraged the practice of making unjust preferences. A recent heavy failure in the woolen trade is said to have been a flagrant instance of this.

—The accommodation train from Stratford to Salmonsea, on the Eric railroad, was wrecked below Turpon by spreading of rails, and a number of passengers were injured.

—At a fire in Oswego, N. Y., nine firemen were injured, three of them severely.

—Pensacola, Florida, is again able to present a clean bill of health.

—Extensive preparations are under way in Cincinnati for the reception of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland on the 24th and 25th inst.

—At St. John, N. B., a man who had separated from his wife and was fatally wounded his two children and then killed himself.

—Sterling Indian news is reported. Geronimo, elected chief in place of the late Ju, who was drowned, is so short of ammunition that he is paying at the rate of a house for ten cartridges for all he can buy.

—At Menomonee, Wis., a German farmer shot and killed his brother, mistaking him for a bear.

—At Providence, R. I., a patent fire boiler fell, killing one fireman and injuring others.

—On August 20, earthquakes were felt in Salvador, Columbia and Ecuador, while at Talcahuano, Chile, on August 28, the water rose two feet above high water mark and almost immediately afterward fell three feet.

—An attempt is now in progress to make a corner in October pork and lard at Chicago.

—The magnificent buildings of the Pittsburgh Exposition, on the north bank of the Allegheny river, were wholly destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000. The admissions on that day and evening were 27,000, being larger than any previous day in the history. The exhibitors will sustain a loss of about $600,000.

—A resident of Nutherwood, N. J., was awakened in the early morning by a Skye terrier licking his face, and two burglars in the house. He fired two shots at them and they departed, but immediately afterward the house was found to be on fire. It was burned to the ground.

—By the sinking of the steamboat Carrie in the James River one life was lost.

—At Lampasas, Mexico, an insane mother killed her five children and then destroyed herself.

—An Indian raid is apprehended in Northern Mexico.

—A large majority of the nations favor a conference to establish a common prime meridian. Some of the leading Powers, however, have not, however, expressed themselves.

—The Post Office Department is informed that burglars broke into the Post Office at Gloucester, Mass., and stole the contents of the safe.

—A colored speaker at a Virginia political meeting was murdered by one of his auditors, who shot him while speaking.

—The Court of Appeals rendered a decision sustaining the purchase of the Mutual Union and Atlantic and Pacific telegraph companies by the Western Union Company and the issue of stock dividend by the latter corporation.

—It is again reported that Lieutenant Greely was murdered by a mutinous crew, but without any supporting facts.

—Snow fell Tuesday in New Hampshire and Vermont.

—The chinch bug is reported to be ravaging the country in the neighborhood of Watertown, N. Y.

—A deaf mute in Iowa, interpreted in the murder of his sister-in-law, killed himself.

—A severe wind storm effected considerable damage at Lexington, Ky.

—The schools at Mattoon, Ill., are closed as one precaution against the spread of smallpox.

—There were 32,000 immigrants landed at Castle Garden last month.

—A convention of those interested in the animal industries of the United States will be held in Chicago on November 15 and 16.

—At Amherst, N. H., a lady was killed by lightning, and her husband extinguished the fire which followed in his house with milk, there being no water handy.

—A collision between two passenger trains on the West Shore Railroad, between St. Johnsville and Fort Plain, N. Y., resulted in three persons being killed and a large number injured.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

—Commissioner Dudley has written a letter in defence of the Pension Bureau, in which he says: The Pension Office denies that thousands of able-bodied veterans have been drawing pensions for years in contravention of law.

—The consolidation of revenue districts was ended by merging the Fourth California and the State of Nevada in one district.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—It is rumored that a ukase has given specific information about the murder of Lord Mountmorris in Ireland in 1880.

—The French consulate at Saragossa was stoned by the mob.

—A member of the French Cabinet is said to have declared that the campaign in Tongain must be energetically pushed.

—A fearful boiler explosion occurred near the Panama Railroad station on the 20th of September. The boiler was an upright one of fourteen horse power, standing on a foundation, and with a cylinder, fly wheel, etc., attached. Six men were killed and others injured.

—A large printing house in Paris has discharged all its German employees.

—Reports from the Soudan state that hundreds of soldiers have been wrecked in the campaign against the False Prophet and that reinforcements and army supplies are an immediate necessity to enable the British forces to hold the position now occupied by them.

—Mrs. Carey, the wife of James Carey, the informer, is allowed a pension of $25 per week by the English government.

—The Dublin correspondent of the London *Globe* says the Invincible Vengeance Committee has been formed to hunt down all informers. The committee has paid spies throughout the British colonies and in North and South America.

—The whaling steamer Polynia, from Davis's Straits, reports that the natives of Saunder's Island stated that they saw two men at Etah, in Smith's Sound, north of Baffin's Bay, early in the year, who belonged to a large expedition further to the north, which was believed to be that of Lieutenant Greely. One of the natives spoke some English. He stated that his brethren saw five men living at Etah. They were all in good health. The leader was a tall, robust man. The captain of the Polynia believes the party was sent out by Lieutenant Greely to meet the steamer Proteus, which was then on the way to Smith's Sound.

—In both France and Spain the recent demonstrations of residents of Paris against King Alfonso were the subject of official action. The Spanish Government is dissatisfied with the course of the French Government in not publishing in full in the official journal President Grevy's apology, and may recall the Spanish Minister from France.

—Owing to repeated anti-Jewish disorders in Ekaterinoslav and other districts of South Russia, martial law has been proclaimed therein.

—Joseph Rankin and Michael Kavanagh, labourers in the Phoenix Park murder trials, who were not permitted to land at Melbourne, will go to Ceylon, where James Carey had decided to go until he was dissuaded therefrom by his wife.

—The Emperor of Germany has telegraphed to King Alfonso saying: "I sympathize with you for the insults offered you in Paris. I know, however, that they were aimed at me far more than at you."

—It is semi-officially denied that Spain has made a treaty with Germany.

—It is reported that a ministerial crisis is at hand in France.

—M. Antoine, the Mentine founder, has arrested on a charge of high treason to the German Empire.

—The ship St. Mark, bound from Liverpool for New York, loaded with coal, has put into Queenstown, Ireland, with a number of her crew lost. A man had fallen overboard and a boat manned by six hands was lowered to rescue him. But neither the boat's crew nor the man were seen afterward, it being in the night time and very dark.

—Pressident Grevy's apology to King Alfonso is considered insufficient satisfaction for Spain.

—Germany has addressed a note to the French government concerning King Alfonso's treatment, showing that Germany, not Spain, is aggrieved.

—France is willing to neutralize the southern provinces of Tongain, but will not cede them to China.

—The French garrisons in Madagascar, at Tamatave and Majunga, are said to be virtually besieged.

—It is said that Lima will be evacuated by the Chileans on the 30th inst.

—The town council of Stratford-upon-Avon have refused to allow Shakespeare's grave to be disturbed.

—Professor Nordenskjold thinks that the report of Lieutenant Greely's death is an Esquimaux exaggeration.

—Extraordinary indignation was aroused in Spain by the insults to King Alfonso in Paris.

—The nihilists have issued circulars demanding of the Russian Government the cessation of the cruel treatment of prisoners.

—Messrs Proctor & Sons, corn millers, of Norwich, have failed. Their liabilities are $150,000.

—A revolt broke out in Port au Prince, but was quickly suppressed. The town was, however, set fire to and much valuable property was destroyed.

A Cuban Execution.

Arriving at the foot of the platform the death sentence was again read, and the *alguacil de corte*—corresponding to our sheriff—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head, by the way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied, and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast, and the cotton of the garrote fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceedings the executioner pulled from his person a long, bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face, and the priests began to recite the Credo. When they came to the words, "He only Son," the cordage, by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, lengthened the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the fingers in all. But still, for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and hanging performance frequently gone through with at our gibbets.

The troops then wheeled into column and marched away to the beat of drums, and now came the strange sequel to this dismal spectacle.

As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and, seizing the cordage, arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison, where the Juzgado were still assembled. Pointing him to their midst he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The Judge asked him what he had to say in answer to this charge.

"It is true," replied the cordage, "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged, disposing his arms with the knife, I did it in the cause of justice and in pursuance of the law, all of which I was compelled to do by virtue of my office."

The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the Court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied. —*Philadelphia Press.*

THE WHIPPING POST.

PUNISHING A HARDENED CRIMINAL WITH THE "CAT-O-NINE-TAILS."

How a British Man-of-Warsman Severely Welched the Lash.

A letter from Halifax, N. S., says: For the first time in the history of the maritime provinces the "cat-o'-nine-tails" has been used on the back of a civil prisoner. Andrew Doyle, a man well known about Halifax for his brutal disposition, and who was convicted last October of an assault on a six-year-old girl, received the punishment above mentioned in the yard of the County Jail. He was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, during which time he should receive twenty lashes on the bare back. The whipping, which was administered in the jail yard, was performed by a sailor belonging to Her Majesty's war ship Griffin, now at this port. There were only six persons present, including two newspaper men. An iron triangle, consisting of three bars, each about nine feet in length, was erected in the yard for the purpose.

The prisoner had been dreading the infliction of the lash, but had not been informed of the impending whipping until the medical officer entered the jail about 3 p. m. When told that the time had arrived Doyle trembled violently. He was directed to strip to the waist, which he did. With a swinging walk he approached the dreaded triangle. The sailor who was to do the whipping stood there quietly puffing a cigar, apparently thinking very little of the work before him. He held in his hand two slender "cats." The whip beyond the handle was a little over a foot in length, the nine tails at the end of each bearing several small, hard knots. The material was of no greater thickness than an ordinary fishing line, but very tough. Walking over to where the sailor stood, Doyle grasped him by the hand, shook it heartily, and asked him to be as easy as possible and not to strike in one place.

Immediately the work of securing Doyle to the iron triangle was performed, his feet and knees being strapped apart, each to one of the iron bars, and his hands bound together, being held over his head by a suspended cord. His coat was thrown over a wooden bar crossing just at his chest, and on this the prisoner leaned. Doyle called out that his hands were tied too tightly, when they were loosened slightly, and he said that would do. The seamen called, "Now, then, are you ready? Whose going to count? Read the warrant." "No, never mind the warrant," said Doyle; "hurry up." But the sheriff, producing the document mentioned from his pocket, hastily read it.

Drawing back a couple of feet from the triangle, the sailor rolled up the right sleeve of his jacket, and, taking one of the two "cats" in his right hand, it was raised above his head. "Count," he cried to one of those present, and the whip descended with a sharp report on the prisoner's naked back, striking right across about four inches below the shoulders. At once the lash was raised again, and the manner continued to perform his work as calmly as possible until twenty lashes had been inflicted, the time occupied being little more than half a minute. A spectator called each stroke aloud as it fell. On the lash being lifted the second time a narrow streak was visible on Doyle's back and a slight shudder passed through his frame, but he at once regained his forced composure. But on the lash having fallen the fifth time Doyle began to writhe and squirm.

Though he as yet had uttered no sound his back was beginning to look rather red, but no blood had appeared. On the thirteenth, however, an agonized cry was heard, and during the remainder of the whipping Doyle shouted with apparently increasing pain. The twentieth stroke having been laid on the man was untied and the doctor, taking a sponge soaked in water, washed the lacerated back. Only one small stream of blood was descending on the left side of Doyle's back, but after the sponge had been applied the surface looked very badly and the marks of the "cat" was plainly seen. The whipper had struck in almost the same spot at every stroke, and the effect of the lashing was only visible over a limited surface.

Before the whipping began a small piece of hard rubber had been placed in Doyle's mouth for him to bite, and now, removing this, he took the sailor's hand and said: "Goodby." "No, not goodby," said the tar. "I hope to meet you again, in another place, old fellow." "No, you won't," rejoined Doyle, "not after such as this," and putting on his coat he walked into the jail building and sat down. Doyle afterward said that his suffering during the lashing had not been so great as the spectators supposed, as he had feigned feeling intense pain for fear the sailor would lay the whip on heavier. The woman who performed the whipping received $5 for his task.

A Jested Bank Still.

The sublimes in the celebrated case of the Dexter Savings Bank, Bangor, Me., against the estate of the late J. Wilson Barron, the former cashier of the bank, made their report to the Supreme Court. Barron was found one morning in the vault of the bank, shot dead. The officers of the bank asserted that he had committed suicide to cover up his peculations, while his friends and the greater part of the community believed that he was murdered by robbers. The auditors' report states that the balance due from the Barron estate to the bank is $2,011, including interest, and concludes as follows:

"We do not feel called upon to form any opinion upon the question of murder or suicide of Barron, because we are satisfied from the evidence that there was substantially no money in the bank at the time of Barron's death, and whether Barron came to his death by murder or otherwise, the amount of money in his possession in the bank at that time was so inconsiderable as not to materially affect the situation of the parties litigant, or change the result of our conclusions."

Too Much.—A boy in Worcester, Mass., advertises that the lady who gave him a $2.50 gold piece—mistaking it for a penny—for holding her horse can get $2.49 by applying at the *Spy* office.

FARM AND GARDEN.

American Wheat and Corn.—In a paper read before a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Minneapolis, Minn., Professor Richardson gave the following facts concerning the composition of American wheat and corn:

While our wheats are but a trifle lighter than the foreign wheats, they contain less water, about the same amount of ash, more oil, less fibre, and less albumen. The quantity of ash is greater only in Colorado wheat, due to rich mineral soil, while the decrease of albumen seems to be followed by a decrease of fibre. The wheats of the Atlantic coast are the most deficient in albumen and smallest in size. The wheats of New York and Vermont are larger, but though highly cultivated are deficient in nitrogen. The Virginia wheats are extremely light in weight, but have rather more albumen, while those of Maryland are the best in that section.

The wheats of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri are larger in size and slightly better than those of the Atlantic States. The wheats of Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota are so rich in nitrogen as could be desired. In Oregon the size of the wheat is good, but the quality of the albuminoids falls to the lowest point, and yet in yield and size of grain it nearly equals that of Colorado.

Cultivation, increase of fertility and mineral matter is proven to have a powerful effect. Latitude, it is claimed, made the difference in the quality of wheats, but experiments show that soil is the main factor.

On a Maryland farm fallow ground was found to produce a grain richer in nitrogen and a larger yield than corn land. Corn, by analysis, shows in hard flint, an average of 11.62 per cent. of albumen, and in dry dents only 10 per cent. less. Corn draws its nitrogen more from the outside and deeper sources and is not so exhausting to the soil as wheat, and from its long season will succeed when a wheat crop fails. As compared with the latter, corn contains more water, twice as much oil, less starch, rather more fibre and less albuminoids. The average amount of albumen in our cereals is as follows: Wheat, 11.8; barley, 14.8; oats, 13.9; rye, 13.36; corn, 10 per cent.

Caught at Paget.—My backwheat —nine acres—is a failure. It cost up to the time of cutting $50, not counting the use of team or the use of the land. The untimely frosts of September 3 and 4 killed it while it in full bloom. Backwheat is so delicate and the stalk so soft that the slightest freezing will destroy it. There has not been such an untimely frost in this latitude for nearly half a century. Within the last twenty-five years frosts have usually held off until about the middle of September—in fact I do not now remember any killing frost early in September during this time. I have an indistinct recollection of an early frost similar to the one this year when I was a small boy. I remember father made it a rule to have the corn all cut up before September 10, for fear of frost, and to sow the buckwheat that time. She lost all her modesty and in the rough life she led on the rifle range all traces of tender womanhood disappeared. It was while on the range, where, as you know, she did her share of the killing, skinning and rendering with the rest of the men, that she acquired the name of Buffalo Jo, by which she was known down to the day of her death. She would hunt all day and gamble all night.

"Doyle died in the spring of 1880, and Jo disappeared shortly after the news reached us. She did not turn up at the post again until after the Victoria raid in the fall of 1880. One day she came in on the overland and was swaggering along, when three young girls passed her. Two of them were officers' daughters and the third a friend who was paying them a visit. Jo leered at them horribly and the three girls turned and ran, screaming with fright. Jo followed them, yelling wildly.

"During the chase she tripped and fell, cutting a deep gash in her head on a sharp stone. She lay there speechless and without motion. The two officers' daughters continued their flight, but their companion retraced her steps and knelt beside the prostrate woman. She wiped away the blood with her dainty handkerchief and laid her soft white hand on the depraved woman's face.

"'Thankee,' she said, and would have passed on, but the girl detained her.

"'I am very sorry that it occurred and I would like to do something for you —that is, if you will let me.'

"'What's your name?' was Jo's question.

"'Minnie Doyle,' was the answer.

"She did not notice the sudden look of pain which shot across Jo's face, and she failed to hear the convulsive sob which rose to the fallen woman's lips.

"'Minnie Doyle!' repeated Jo mechanically, and then passed. 'Will you kiss me?'

"'Yes,' was the brave answer, and the young lips, as yet untainted and unpolluted, were upraised and just touched Jo's swollen and repulsive mouth.

"The girl regressed a shudder and Jo turned abruptly away and walked straight to the little jacal where she made her home. She drank no more whisky that day, and about midnight the post surgeon was called in to attend her. She was violently ill and sinking very rapidly. After examining her case very critically the surgeon declared that all hope of her recovery was past.

"'She will die before morning,' he said.

"'What's that?' cried Jo, starting up. 'Leave the room, all of you,' she cried. 'I have something to say to the doctor.'

"The crowd filed slowly out and the dying woman held a few minutes' whispered conversation with the doctor. At its close he hurried to the post and Jo sank back on the bed exhausted. When the doctor returned he was accompanied by Minnie Doyle, and when they entered the room Jo started up with a glad cry.

"'Minnie! My daughter!' she cried and held out her arms.

"'Mother!' answered the girl through her tears, and, springing forward, clasped the wretched creature in her arms.

"'Thank God!' whispered Jo, faintly, and with a new and almost beatific light shining in her eyes fell back dead."

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

AN OFFICER SELLS HIS CHILD TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM DISGRACE.

A Degraded Mother's Meeting With Her Only Child.

While talking over the good old times of Fort Concho with one of the first settlers, says a newspaper correspondent, I learned a romance that is inseparably connected with the history of the place.

"What became of old Buffalo Jo?" I asked.

"She is dead, also," he answered, and then added: "It was sadly pathetic."

I pricked up my ears and bent closer. "I knew Buffalo Jo," he said, "away back in the fifties, when she first came to Fort Concho. You remember her only as a hardened woman, steeped to vice. I saw her when she was a fresh-faced, modest girl. You know that she was a woman of great intelligence. She was an refined and gentle as she was learned. Her father was old Colonel Dobo, and in the happy days when she presided at the head of her father's home was, as Miss Josephine Dobo, the acknowledged belle of the post. I think she was about seventeen when she first met Major Doyle. He was nearly forty, a man disliked by his brother officers and hated by the common soldiers. He was cruel and tyrannical, mean, selfish and revengeful. I don't know at the time what subtle influence he exerted over that gentle girl, but say way the whole post was very much surprised when it became known that they were to be married.

"In those days the officers played for heavy stakes, and it came out after old Colonel Dobo's death—he died about a month after the wedding and while the couple were spending their honeymoon in the States—that he had lost thousands of dollars to Major Doyle, and to save himself from disgrace had sold his pure and innocent daughter, body and soul, to a man who had no mercy.

"One day the Major, returning suddenly from a scout after Indians, found a handsome lieutenant in company with his wife. Hot words passed between the two men and the lieutenant struck his superior officer. The latter, mad with passion, drew his pistol and laid the young man at his feet dead. It was then that his wife's long slumbering passion was aroused. She threw herself on the body of her murdered lover with piercing screams, and when the major attempted to raise her she shrank from him with loathing.

"'I hate you!' she cried, and her eyes blazed. 'I hate you—I have always hated you! You bought me, and for love of my poor father and to save him from ruin and disgrace I consented to the sacrifice. You have murdered the only man I ever loved. Henceforth I go my way and you go yours.'

"Colonel Doyle was court-martialled for the shooting, but the commission exonerated him. A few months after the separation Colonel Doyle was transferred to a post in one of the northern Territories and husband and wife never met again. Mrs. Doyle remained at the post, and to drown sorrow she began to drink. She lost all her modesty and in the rough life she led on the rifle range all traces of tender womanhood disappeared. It was while on the range, where, as you know, she did her share of the killing, skinning and rendering with the rest of the men, that she acquired the name of Buffalo Jo, by which she was known down to the day of her death. She would hunt all day and gamble all night.

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THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Reflecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discovery and events:

"A general demand for information is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated fr m the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the Dark Ages cause near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind conclusions are being cast aside as the minds of individuals are beginning to think for themselves, and to request authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them in matters of both sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be the result. As a result of this general awakening we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, would have suffered in body and mind in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advocates of their beliefs are to depart, suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people in the cemetery graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original constitutions been taken to time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious disease and will not consult the doctor because of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or some uncomfortable feeling of indefinite sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of a slight cold or catarrh. It is high time that people should take a knowledge of the anatomies of these matters and consequently themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save those of their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible, to maintain no other position than that of truth and honor, to carry mind, and to indorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while the world will be great gainers throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions if I refused to indorse Hunt's Remedy. I suffered with my kidneys and bladder all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have led the whole medical procession to the fact that those diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental, the records of their failures have filled a book while they were exulting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to Hunt's Remedy as a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy, and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time, and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examination of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use Hunt's Remedy, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, (Bright's disease) and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over a period of years, and covered a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would cheerfully urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Hunt's Remedy. Solid everywhere.

OWENTON, Ky.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

If you love God as you ought, then love your brethren likewise.

"Dragging Pains."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. All these she could fairly endure, but the dragging pains, from which she now uses "Favorite Prescription" relieved, had appeared like the most patient martyrs of old could endure, and at last every one who saw her said she must die. It took but one bottle of your "Favorite Prescription" to set her on her feet, but it is now the three (3) bottle mark and she is entirely restored to health and as natural appetite, sound sleep, and rosy cheeks as ever. Yours, etc., A. J. Hoyer, Depauit, N. Y.

THE COMPANY in which you will improve most will be the least expensive to own.

Compare the dose and quantity of Hood's Sarsaparilla and you have somebody proud of its superior strength and cheapness. Try it.

For burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

For sharp at sixteen I have been a victim of Catarrh. I have tried many remedies, receiving little or no relief. I bought one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and derived more real benefit from it than all the rest added together. You can recommend it as I do, as a perfect and reliable medicine.—A. L. Fraser, Danby, N. Y.

As one raised upon Ely's Cream Balm I could say it is worth its weight in gold as a cure for Catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Painesville, Ohio (late v.).

Carbolene.

He who at last who builds [illegible] trust in living words and actions just.
He who's head, who's wife, his very sons,
Pile holes in his coffin for Carbolene.

The Oldest Druggist.

Being one of the oldest druggists in this city (although having retired from business), I wish to say a good word about Hunt's Remedy. A number of years ago I was troubled with my kidneys, and called on my druggist, however, resorting to the use of a "patent medicine" was a little humiliating, but when I came to consider how many people had been benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy, I unhesitatingly began using it; and after having fully tested its virtues I can say, as many of my customers have said to me, "It is the best medicine for kidney and liver complaint ever compounded."

I have yet to learn of a single instance where it has failed to benefit and give satisfaction, in fact it is the best I ever sold.

I would say to all who are troubled with kidney and liver complaint, give Hunt's Remedy a trial and you will say as I do, it is the best known remedy, and the best is the cheapest every time. Yours truly,

Edward Allen.

Hartford, Conn., May 19, 1883.

Mr. James Cherry, with J. W. Goodman, billiard table manufacturer, of Athol, Mass., writes, May 25, 1883, as follows: "I have been a terrible sufferer for years with kidney disease, with severe pains in my back and sides, and could get no relief until I tried Hunt's Remedy, which was recommended by our druggist, Ward, of this place, who stated he had the most wonderful cures effected by it made in this vicinity by the use of Hunt's Remedy. People who have suffered for years with kidney disease, inflammation of the bladder, and diseases of the urinary organs, have been permanently cured by this great medicine. I purchased a bottle of Hunt's Remedy and found that it helped me from the first dose, and two bottles removed all the pain in my back, and I consider myself cured, and cheerfully recommend it to my friends as a medicine that will do all that is claimed for it.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produces a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

Hon. B. G. Crossman, Jersey City, says: "I suffered with rheumatism for years; unable to leave my house for months, tried almost everything without relief, finally took Dr. Elmore's B.-G., which soon cured me."

Fraser Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Don't waste your money on a humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Fraser's, with label on. It saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

Troubles and annoyances in washing, and always have nice fitting collars and cuffs, by wearing Chrolithion.

Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener the only invention that makes old boots straight as new.

POISON IN THE BLOOD

If the statements of parties who have been sufferers from disorders of the blood are to be believed, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful in eradicating poisons from the system and curing their complaints.

Paris Green

H. S. Clark, of Albion, N. Y., became so poisoned by paris green that his face broke out in pimples and blotches. He found nothing that did him any good till Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purified his blood and spoiled the malignant humors.

R. Ruder, Mellen, Mass., was poisoned in his left leg, which was much swollen. Hood's Sarsaparilla reduced the swelling, expelled the poison, and Mr. Bruce again walks with ease.

After Scarlet Fever

Edward Ransley's daughter, of Chelsea, Mass., was left with lumps in her neck and partial blindness. For six or eight months at a time she could not see at all. Hood's Sarsaparilla removed the lumps from her throat and restored her eyesight.

Scrofula

A young girl in Newark, N. J., had a disorder in her blood from infancy. Her sight, as well as her hearing, was affected. She was obliged to leave school, for none of the children would sit beside her. Her mother resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. On the second bottle a child began to improve, and after three bottles her sight and hearing returned.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by Druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

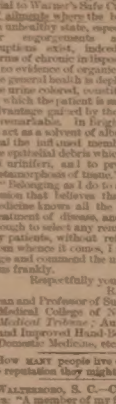
A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hindale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the husband was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had taken half dozen bottles was about like new, besides doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover."

Watson's Neuralgia King.

This is one of the best remedies for Neuralgia ever invented. A lady who had tried many other things, without relief, tried Neuralgia King and was cured.

For Special Rates for advertising in this paper, apply to the publisher of the paper. U41



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

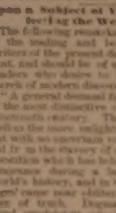
The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

80 SHEETS fine writing paper, in blotter, with pen holder, by mail for 25 cents. Regent Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT for young men who graduate at our BUSINESS COLLEGES, Newark, N. J. Terms only $40. Write for circulars.

LADIES' Elegant and Comfort. Perfect fitting Corsets by Mail a Specialty. Write for circular. Foster Corset Co., 10 State Street, Boston.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It opens the nasal passages, clears the head, allays pain and inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores to the senses of taste and smell. A few applications are sufficient to relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.

ELY BROTHERS OWEGO, N. Y.

Music Teachers, Choir Leaders and School Teachers.

For Common Schools [illegible] For Sale by Music Dealers Generally. W. O. Perrin. Hitchcock's Graded Course of Vocal Music. Merry Chimes (40 cts.; $3.60 doz.) and Merry Greetings (35 cts.; $3.00 doz.) are good, cheerful, musical collections of school songs.

For High Schools [illegible] Welcome Chorus (50 cts.; $4.80 doz.) by Lyon & Healy. Vocal Lessons (50 cts.) by Emerson. Whittemore & Mason's Choice Collection (50 cts.) and Richardson's High School Choir (50 cts.) are excellent books for singing classes.

For Singing Classes [illegible] The Singers' Welcome (50 cts.; $4.80 doz.) by Emerson.